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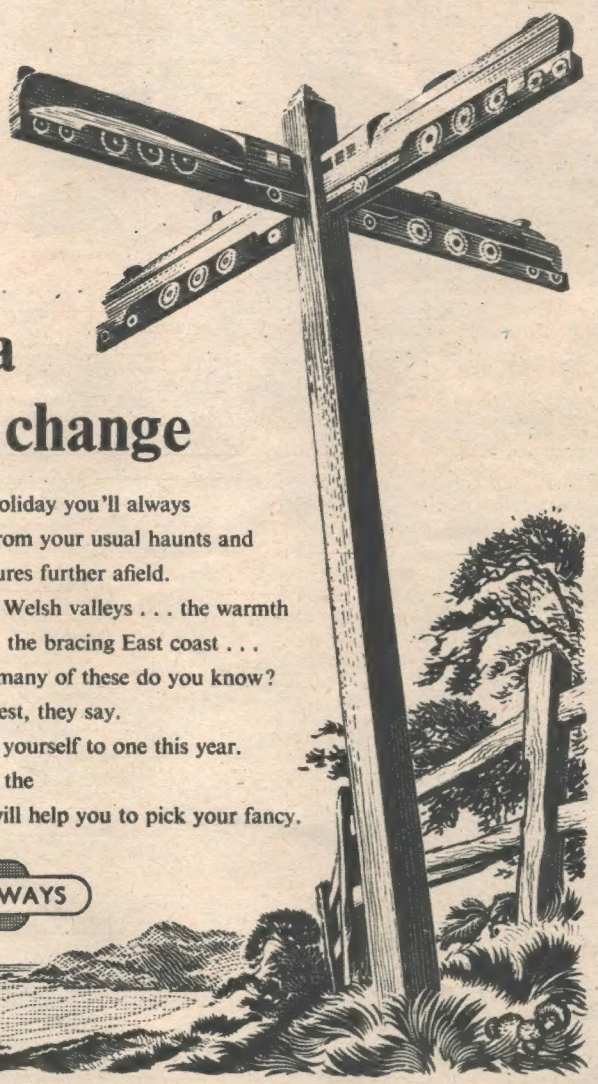

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E D I T O R I A L

Must the new arms race end in war?

WHAT WILL BE THE outcome of the atomic arms race between the Russians and the Americans?

That question overshadows every other in the world today, and not a glimmer of an answer to it has yet been offered by any statesman in any country.

What do the ordinary people think? Many, everywhere, just try to forget the possibility of an atomic war. The rest are divided between the hopeful opinion that "they'll never start another war because it would mean certain destruction," and the pessimistic view that "every arms race in the past *has* ended in a war, so this one will, too."

How far is either of these two views justified, and can the world's ordinary people do more than at present to insist upon sanity and peace?

Use of atomic weapons may be postponed, but not, surely, always avoided just because of their appalling nature. There is always the possibility that a government may prove so irresponsible or so wicked that it will plunge into atomic warfare regardless of the consequences even to its own subjects.

Nor is it completely sound to argue that the risk is small because, for example, "both sides refrained from using poison gas in the last war." Gas, a weapon developed for static trench warfare, would not have been very "useful" (in the military sense) if it had been tried in the high-speed battles of 1940-45. Against civil populations more definite results could be got with high explosive and incendiary bombs.

HITLER was not deterred by any sense of horror from using the gas chamber to exterminate Jews; nor were the Allies prevented by humanitarian scruples from dropping the first two atom bombs on Japan, although she was already nearly defeated.

It is therefore unwise to rely on the dreadfulness of any weapon as a deterrent to its use.

Do arms races always end in war, then?

Historically, yes—under this condition, that one side must believe it has won the race and is therefore in a position to deal a quick knock-out. In the old days of pre-atomic warfare it was easy for aggressive rulers to make mistakes about their superiority in arms. They used to total up their soldiers and guns, conclude that they had a big enough margin to make victory certain—and start fighting. But both the Kaiser and Hitler forgot to estimate accurately either the human element in the opposition, or the potential, as opposed to the actual, strength of their adversaries.

Today, anyone who believed that he had won an atomic arms race would have to make not one but two gambles—the first on whether he really was ahead in the race; the second on how the other side would react to his first attack.

NEITHER of these riddles is nearly so easy to answer as were the comparable questions in the past. Rulers will surely think not once, not twice, but many, many times before they take fatal action. Therefore we are entitled to feel that the fact of an atomic race is at least a little less likely to lead to war than were the arms races of the past.

But the race is, of course, only a symptom of a greater rivalry — the rivalry between the Eastern and Western ways of life which is splitting the world in half. The bombs will only burst if that rivalry is allowed to come to a head.

And that need not happen. Much as we dislike each other's way of life, there is no need for war between the Soviet bloc and the Western nations.

The Russian leaders are certainly actuated by both fear and appetite for conquest. They are afraid of being attacked, as they were attacked after the first World War. They want to bring new nations under their sway, because that is what the religion of Communism commands them to do.

So there are two sensible ways of approaching the Russians. One is to persuade them by deeds and words that we of the West do not ever mean to attack them unprovoked.

The other is to exterminate Communism within our own borders by promoting prosperity and social justice.

It is governments which will work along those lines which deserve the support of ordinary men and women everywhere. By electing them, and them only, the Western peoples can make their future safe.

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FREE SPEECH

Three-year-old who wants to learn

MY LITTLE GIRL, aged three, has learned to read the whole of the alphabet and is now busy learning to write the letters. I have never attempted to make her learn. She has insisted.

Now I am told that to teach these things before a child goes to school is harmful and causes confusion, owing to the different methods of teaching. Am I to refuse to assist my child in her attempts at learning, and if she can read and write the alphabet when she starts school can it make any difference how she learned it?—MRS. L. E., Birmingham.

Cure For A Cold

CAN ANY OF YOUR READERS explain the following incident? A few days ago my son had a terribly bad cold. He went to work, however, and during the course of the shift had the misfortune to drop a large piece of steel across his foot, injuring the big toe.

Strangely enough, his cold disappeared immediately. Remarking on the fact, he was surprised to hear that a workmate had the same thing happen to him a while ago.—W. BRADLEY, Ringarth, Darley House Estate, Matlock, Derbyshire.

Probation Officers: Two Views

DON EVERITT'S ARTICLE on probation officers (JOHN BULL, January 28) showed the good side of their work, but my experience of them is quite the reverse. When I had trouble with my seventeen-year-old daughter, who was going about with a married man, she went to the probation officer, complaining that she had an unhappy home. Without coming to see me or to see what the home was like, the probation officer arranged for her to live away from home and I was left sitting up for her, not knowing where she was.—MOTHER, Staffs.

. . . When my husband left me with three children, the probation officer saw us both separately and, later, together to try to make him come back to me. When he insisted on leaving, she arranged a temporary separation.

Since then I have been to see her many times and, from being a lost and embittered woman, I have been helped to regain my faith.—MRS. M. C., London, S.E.

Rheumatism Bogey

HAVING JUST FINISHED a course of treatment for a rheumatic complaint, I should like to express appreciation of the work being done in this direction. I understood that the treatment of rheumatic complaints was negligible. One sees things differently after visiting a hospital.

My treatment consisted of heat and various exercises and now, having been discharged from the hospital, I can continue the treatment at home. There may be no prevention of rheumatic complaints but anyone afflicted can get a great deal of relief by attending the physiotherapy department of a hospital and taking a little trouble themselves. Too many people take the view that they have got rheumatism, that there is no cure, and that they will just have to put up with it.—E. C. H., Ilford, Essex.

Sharks In The Know

DESCRIBING THE START of the voyage of the *Gilca* (JOHN BULL, March 4), Captain Jennings dismisses as all boloney the "old wives' tale" about there being a death on board a ship which a shark follows. But is it? I was on a battleship at Gibraltar on which a fatal accident had occurred and the dead seaman's body was awaiting burial. I saw the ominous triangular fin of a shark swimming round and round the ship. My experience of animals is that they have more senses than Man. — S. HODGES, 96 Herga Road, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middlesex.

Old-fashioned Signals

WHEN WILL SOMETHING be done about out-of-date railway signalling methods? As a signalman, I know what it feels like to realize that a few seconds of inattention may result in terrible loss of life. Reports of inquiries into rail accidents often blame the signalman, but they usually add that the accident would not have happened if the absolute block system or track circuits had been provided.—SIGNALMAN, Wakefield.

Beauty On The Quayside

IS THE attractive fisher-girl, whose picture appeared with Eric Bennett's article, "I Went Out With The Herring Fleet" (JOHN BULL, February 25) a genuine one? Or is she a photographer's model? — G. MARTYN, 32 Sherwell Hill, Chelston, Torquay.

Genuine. The girl was Helen Munro, of Newhaven, Edinburgh, who had been a fisher-girl for two years when the picture was taken.

Sporting Isolation

MAY I EXPLAIN WHY, after a strenuous basketball game, victor and vanquished appear to end up all smiles, as Dr. F. C. Rodger suggests in his letter ("Free Speech," February 25). It is a game where bodily contact is not allowed, and observance of this rule stifles at birth any thoughts of personal retaliatory measures and helps to mould the sportsman.—E. J. CAVILL, Hon. Secretary, Newport Amateur Basketball Club, 45 Woodland Road, Newport.

Case For Sham Toys

JAMES GRAHAM'S REMARKS on sham toys ("Free Speech," March 4) interested me, partly because I have two sons but more so because as a press-toolmaker I make the tools which produce some of these sham toys. I would like any boy who is interested in working models to be able to buy one, but unfortunately the manufacture of the various small cranks, pistons, etc., is an expensive business, as their function depends on accurate workmanship.

To give an approximate comparison in cost, we can make the necessary jigs, tools, etc., and adapt special purpose machinery to produce a scale model engine for a selling price of about £5, but we can press out of sheet metal a clockwork toy which resembles an engine for as little as five shillings.—M. H. C., Worcester.

LETTERS about the new-size JOHN BULL are too numerous for individual acknowledgement. The Editor thanks the many readers who have commented on our enlargement. Both praise and constructive criticism are welcomed, and will be noted.

WE REGRET that it is still not possible to print as many copies, or to provide as many pages, as we would like. Although rationing of paper for periodicals and magazines is officially over, supplies for JOHN BULL remain short, for the present, because of restrictions on the overall quantities of paper which the mills are allowed to manufacture.

EXTRA COPIES are therefore limited. Regular readers are advised to confirm their orders. New readers will be provided for as far as possible, but the only way to be sure of getting a copy every week is to place a standing order for it at a newsagent's or bookstall.

Unchanging East

ROBERT BLAKE'S story *A Matter of Principle* (JOHN BULL, January 7), simply and movingly told, only went to prove what many English people in the newly-formed countries of India and Pakistan are finding out: the old order changeth but the customs and habits of the East will never change.

I am living amid the poverty and riches of Bengal. Now we have Communist riots in Calcutta in place of the Moslem-Hindu slaughter of 1947 and the revolts against British rule prior to that. We still have the hordes of beggars, the malnutrition and the disease, the filth in the streets, the ceaseless bribery and corruption and the happy disregard for life.

The monkey-man still trails his pathetic beasts along the streets, the pi-dogs sprawl diseased in the sun, the rigorous class code still obtains among servants—and women have not yet won equality with men.—MRS. M. DOUCH, 6 Lyons Range, Calcutta.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

OVER BECHER'S BROOK for the second time in the famous Grand National at Aintree. Gilbert Wilkinson, who painted this cover picture, is a Liverpool man himself, a noted cartoonist, who has been described as looking less like an artist than any of his fellow-craftsmen—close-cropped hair, neat double-breasted suits, blue eyes and an ever-smoking pipe make him look more like a master mariner on shore leave.

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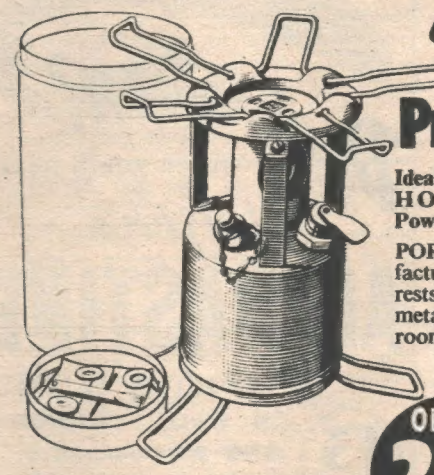

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A student at Cambridge, 1950

by KEITH ELLIS

He's older and more mature than his predecessors, and he faces fiercer competition. He can't afford to be a young gadabout, but neither can he afford to ignore certain traditional "musts"

Ex-Corporal Leach, of Queens'. He heeded the moan: "One can't get on without a degree"

LAST OCTOBER, CLIFFORD LEACH was one of a record total of 2,500 freshmen who came to Cambridge from every part of the world. They were one-twelfth of the number who applied. At Queens' College alone 2,500 men scrambled for 139 places.

Cambridge in 1950 is returning to normal. But it is a normalcy unlike that of prewar. Though the duffle-coated flood of pram-pushing ex-Servicemen who swept back from the battle-fronts after the war has almost entirely receded, war and the welfare state have clearly left their mark.

The most noticeable change is in the freshmen themselves. Clifford Leach, for instance, short, dour and twenty-one, is an ex-corporal-driver of the Royal Armoured Corps who spent eighteen months as a postwar conscript in Palestine and Egypt. In this, he is typical of four out of five of the men who came up last October. The prewar freshman was eighteen and straight from school.

An incident that occurred while he was employed as a reporter on a country newspaper between leaving the Army and coming to Cambridge convinced Leach of the practical value of a university education. Snatching a five minutes' break after a day of fires, courts and garden-fêtes, he heard two old hands chatting in the News Room. Both in the middle fifties, they were still in the same job they had been doing twenty years before.

"You can't get on these days without a degree," moaned one.

"It's a fact," replied the other. "Look at young Smith. He came here as a learner six months ago and now he's in the Paris office of a national daily. I've been wanting that for years. But *he* was a 'varsity man."

Life Is Earnest . . .

Leach's L.C.C. scholarship, which he had won on the Higher School Certificate and not taken up immediately, was only a money award. He had still to be accepted by a university or college before being able to claim it. When he tried entrance scholarships at Cambridge, he failed four times. Only after he had applied at every single college for an ordinary place was he accepted at Queens'.

Every freshman has faced—and survived—this tremendous competition. Hence he takes his studies seriously. In any case, colleges now insist on their men taking an Honours degree whereas previously an Ordinary degree was acceptable. Failure in a single examination means being sent down.

"At first, Cambridge was just another experience to be tasted," says Leach. "But since I've been here, I've definitely changed my attitude. Merely to waste time would be unfair to the thousands not accepted."

Leach himself takes law. He has three one-hour periods of personal supervision each week, usually with three other undergraduates. In addition, he attends lectures between ten and twelve every morning. The rest of the time he works in his own rooms at the Squire Law Library.

. . . Money Is Tight

Since the war, there has been a considerable levelling-out of undergraduate incomes. As an ex-Serviceman, Leach has his L.C.C. scholarship of £225 per annum supplemented by an award of £40 from the Ministry of Education. His tuition fees—about £18 a term—are paid by the L.C.C.

Whereas in 1939 many scholars had to live on £210 a year or less, few get less than £260 today. This is, however, dependent on the parents' income. At the other end of the scale, the man with an allowance of £500 a year, common before the war, is now rare.

Like most students, Leach finds it impossible to live on his grant alone. Although £265 a

Elaine Cooklin, a fresher from Leicester, has a friend in to tea

She is her own char ten minutes every day in her bed-sitter

year seems adequate for a single man, the cost of living in Cambridge is extremely high.

For instance, Leach shares a large, airy bed-sitting-room in a college hostel with another student, twenty-year-old Roderick Hamm. They have two beds, two book-cases, a wardrobe, dressing-table, dining-table, two easy chairs and a gas fire. The only cooking arrangement is a gas-ring on the hearth. Each pays £12 a term.

Since they are cheaper than meals bought outside, Leach takes breakfast in the hostel and lunch in college at a cost of 1s. 3d. and 1s. 9d. respectively. Although he likes to dine at a café in town, he can only sign out of Hall once a week. The other nights, he pays 3s. for dinner whether he eats it or not.

Every term he pays an amalgamated club subscription of two guineas, which entitles him to join any college society from the boat club to the music circle. If he declines, he is completely cut off from the social life of the college. Membership of the Union, a men's club with dining-room, bar, library, squash and debating facilities, is another "must" for Leach. Since he cannot afford life membership at £7 17s. 6d., he pays a guinea a term with a guinea entrance fee.

He Plays Hockey And Dances

Three afternoons a week, Leach plays hockey. Besides stick and boots, he needs shirts—at 14s. each—and shorts, a further guinea. It also helps to boost his laundry bill to something like 5s. a week. Saturday nights he spends at the cinema or a dance. His usual haunt, the Dorothy Café, charges 6s. for men and 5s. for girls. The only other attraction is a two-and-sixpenny hop organized by the International Student Service in a local church hall.

Leach would like to go to a May Ball—*the* social event of the year at every college. Since double tickets cost anything from £3 to £10, he doesn't think he can afford it this year. "It's a bit hard," he says. "It's the sort of thing you ought to be able to go to if you want to."

Add to these expenses, clothes, fares and maintenance during the six months he spends away from Cambridge (he pays his parents 30s. a week during vacations) and you see why he finds it difficult to make ends meet.

What does he do about it?

How He Makes Ends Meet

During the Christmas vacation, he sorted parcels at a London post office for a fortnight, earning £11 in all. One day, having lunch in the canteen, he compared notes with another student. "If you're short of cash, why not join the Territorial Army?" asked his companion.

Leach thought it over. Though there was some doubt at first about an old rugger injury to his knee, he was finally accepted as a private in a parachute regiment. He reckons his pay, including drills, camps, jumps and bounty, will total £30 by next October. To supplement his income further, he hopes to return to his old paper as a temporary reporter during the Long Vacation.

In spite of high prices, austerity reigns in Cambridge as elsewhere. When Leach dines in Hall, the four or five-course meal he could have expected if he had been up before the war is a utility affair of soup, entrée or sweet. Fish, unpopular, is served several times a week. "It's just a glorified canteen," said one kitchen manager recently.

In the women's colleges, there is an acute shortage of servants. Nineteen-year-old Elaine Cooklin, tall, attractive Leicester girl with a mass of dark-brown hair, came up to Newnham last October. Every day since, she has had to lay aside her books for ten minutes to make her bed, tidy up and dust round her bed-sitting-room in college. Occasionally she may be called on to help wash up after dinner.

Because there are only two women's colleges, compared with nineteen for men, places are even more keenly contested.

"I would have done anything to get here," says Elaine. "I would have been positively servile if necessary."

Like many other freshers, she was disappointed when she came up last October. She had expected too much. She had heard such wonderful things about Cambridge that any real experience was bound to be a let-down. "There were no Oscar Wildes," she says. "I found tea-table talk at Cambridge startlingly like tea-table talk at Leicester."

Nevertheless, she has met many interesting people. There's the girl who smokes a pipe—"quite pretty too"—and the young man who writes verse for a student magazine. "He's a cross between a barrow-boy and a poet. Far from being the pale-faced intellectual you'd expect, he knows Soho like the back of his hand."

Recently, she was one of a dozen freshers invited to coffee by Dame Myra Curtis, principal of Newnham. Everyone was quite happy until the conversation started. Then the girls realized that they had no idea how to address a Dame.

"She must have thought us awfully rude, for nobody called her anything. We were all in the same position. I'm pretty sure now it should have been 'Dame Myra'!"

Elaine dresses more smartly than most girl students. When I saw her, she was wearing high-heeled shoes, silk stockings, a navy serge skirt and a green and white ringed jumper.

"But," she says, "people turn round and look at you if you wear a suit that's really smart. So you just don't."

Out Of Bounds To Her

Reading in English, she hopes to take an Honours degree in three years' time. Before the war this was impossible. Though women attended the same lectures as men, read the same books and took the same examination, they were not admitted to degrees until 1948, when they became full members of the university for the first time.

What else does this imply? Not much, except that women are now subject to university discipline. Elaine likes dancing but she must not visit dance halls placed out-of-bounds by the proctors. She has to wear a gown when visiting her tutor, at lectures and after dark. In default, she pays the statutory fine of six and eightpence.

In spite of legal equality, women have not so far achieved anything like real equality in social life. For instance, the Union is virtually the university debating society. Nationally, it is regarded as the authentic voice of undergraduate Cambridge. But women are not admitted.

She's Barred From An Ambition

Elaine is interested in review work. She would like to join the Footlights, a society that provides cabarets for many of the brightest balls (Jimmy Edwards was once a member). But it, too, is closed to women. The Labour Club is the only political society in Cambridge of which a woman has recently been chairman.

In point of numbers the girls are far from being equal. This is particularly noticeable at a dance. With scores of male wallflowers, a pretty girl in an "excuse me" is passed round like a football. "It's not flattery," says Elaine. "Provided you wear a skirt, you may just as well look like a hag."

Unless she has a late pass, which is only granted on special occasions, Elaine has to return to college by midnight. Even so, she has to pay a fine of threepence after eleven and sixpence after eleven-thirty.

Fines, restrictions, regulations and economies: there are plenty of these in the undergraduate's life. His problems are often more acute and more material than those which confronted his prewar counterpart. But the same background of ceremony and high standards remains, the same career for the talents.

The postwar freshman's appreciation of his opportunities is all the keener because he has had to fight so hard to gain them. THE END

Queen of Etiquette

by MURIEL SEGAL

The American who wants to know how to address a duke or what to wear when visiting a friend in jail consults Emily Post, who, practising what she preaches, has never been embarrassed in her life

SOME TIME AGO A young and inexperienced reporter was assigned by his editor to interview Emily Post, the seventy-seven year old great-grandmother who teaches Americans how to mind their manners. He was invited to lunch by Mrs. Post and gratefully accepted; but during the meal his fork slipped and a chicken leg sailed off his plate on to the snowy cloth. The embarrassed reporter could only gape at his own clumsiness, but Mrs. Post quickly came to his rescue. "If I were you," she remarked calmly, "I should pick it up and start all over again."

This incident serves to illustrate her own dictum that etiquette is "a sensitive awareness of the needs of others." Out of this same awareness, Mrs. Post—a remarkable and energetic woman—has made for herself both fame and fortune.

Her 877-page book, *Etiquette*, first became a best-seller in 1923. Nearly a million copies have come off the presses since then—retailing at twenty-eight shillings each—and the demand has never been less than 30,000 copies a year. It seems destined to go on that way forever. When last heard from, not many weeks ago, Mrs. Post was busily at work completely revising her famous book for the fourth time. "Revision is necessary because of the change from big houses with plenty of servants to smaller homes, which means having to do much of one's own work," she says.

Good Manners For Motorists

Only a few months ago, a slender volume bearing her name on the cover and called *Motor Manners* was passed on to the American public. In a matter of weeks 1,000,000 copies of this guide to automobile etiquette were distributed. "And so far," Mrs. Post says, "I've received six hundred *different* favourable Press cuttings about it."

There seems to be no end to her activities. Recently, for instance, she considered a project to stage puppet shows for television to illustrate the good and bad manners discussed in her book. She decided, however, that the puppets' movements were on the jerky side. "Smooth manners," she decreed, "cannot be illustrated with such abrupt motions."

In addition to these up-to-the-minute activities, Mrs. Post still carries on with her syndicated column, which appears in 150 newspapers and which has been printed not only in her own country but in Britain, Canada, India and Australia as well.

With this impressive list of achievements (not long ago she incorporated herself into the Emily Post Institute), it is not surprising that Emily Post, in America, has practically become synonymous with *good manners*. Mrs. Post is well aware of this. Not long ago it was proposed that her most recent great-granddaughter should be named after her. She was shocked. "It would be like giving her a trademark for a name," she said.

Mrs. Post is tall and carries herself with proud dignity. Her eyes are bright blue, her gestures quick and imperative and the strength of her personality is such that other women around her seem to be watered down. She oozes the cultivated poise which Americans so eagerly pay her to teach them.

Admirers Sent Fifty Bouquets

Emily was born in Baltimore and says she is descended from the Pilgrims who left Britain centuries ago. When she was five, the Posts moved to New York. As a young woman, Emily was considered a great beauty: she was painted by James Montgomery Flagg, a well-known illustrator, and her portrait appeared in a volume called *American Beauties*. When she made her début, admirers sent no fewer than fifty bouquets. Even then she had decided that good manners were based on minding the feelings of others. She carried each of the bouquets for a few moments until she had gone through the lot.

When she married it was to the most eligible American bachelor of the year, Edwin Main Post, a banker. She had two sons. Then, in 1904, she shocked her social world when she and her husband agreed to a divorce. She started writing novels and achieved more than average success.

By 1921 the respectable publishing firm of Funk and Wagnalls, best known for reference books and dictionaries, approached Mrs. Post to compile a really authentic guide to etiquette. An executive of the firm telephoned her and asked her to call and see him about "an encyclopedia which we are planning to publish." She misunderstood.

"Why should I want to buy another encyclopedia?" she asked. "I own too many as it is. What I need is a maid to keep them dusted!" Nevertheless, after further explanations, Emily wrote the book which was the sensation of 1923. Reviewers called it "the Mrs. Beeton of social behaviour" and (tongue in cheek) "the book no social climber could dispense with."

Emily Post: etiquette is "a sensitive awareness of others' needs"

Letters began to pour in. "How can I go in for gracious living," many asked, "if I haven't even a daily char, let alone a butler?" For her first revised edition she created a new character, Mrs. Three-in-One, who played the combined rôle of hostess, cook and mother with a most ladylike elegance.

Under-the-table Dinner

Then, to prove she could practise what she preached, she sent her servants out and gave a party for half a dozen friends. "I didn't have to get up once," she boasted afterwards. She accomplished this minor miracle by having her main course kept warm on a hot-plate under the table and, for dessert, a freezer of ice-cream under her chair. All she had to do was bend down and serve.

Her book on etiquette is studded with examples of how to behave under the most trying circumstances. Mrs. Worldly, for example, goes to a dinner party and finds herself seated next to a man "she openly despises." In order not to embarrass her hostess and the other guests, she repeats multiplication tables under her breath to appear as if she and her disliked neighbour were chatting.

On page 850 she advises: "If at dinner you are put next to a duke and it is necessary to call him anything but 'you,' you would say 'Duke.' To a knight you say Sir Arthur, which sounds familiar but there is really nothing else you can call him." The great American middle classes, the vast majority of whom would never see a duke or talk to a knight, gobbled it up.

Recently, when a sight-seeing group of college girls arrived in New York they descended on Mrs. Post. "We wanted to see you," they gurgled, "more than the Rockefeller Centre."

Many etiquette-conscious Americans telephone their queries, often late at night. Recently, she was awakened to settle an argument between husband and wife as to whose name they should write first on their Christmas cards.

Mrs. Post has been writing *Good Taste Today*, her syndicated newspaper column, ever since 1925. "Isn't it remarkable," she says, "that after a quarter of a century

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From the entrance hall, Dan saw Mary in the telephone box. And watching her, pretending to read a newspaper by the goods trolley, was Eric

THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

by DAVID FROME

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

WHO WOULD TRY to murder a harmless, rabbity little man like Evan Pinkerton? His worst fault was curiosity—particularly about the bombed house at No. 22 Godolphin Square. Mr. Pinkerton lived in Godolphin Square himself. He owned No 4. opposite.

A very shy man, Mr. Pinkerton didn't reveal even to Miss Violet Grimstead, the manager of No. 4, which was divided into flats, that he owned it. Hence she assigned him the poorest room in the place.

Handsomer quarters were occupied by Caroline Winship, the owner of No. 22, her sister Mrs. Scott Winship, her niece Mary, and her nephew Eric Dalrymple-Hughes. All of them claimed and got far more service than Mr. Pinkerton from Miss Grimstead and Pegott, the permanent valet.

One day, when Mr. Pinkerton was browsing in front of No. 22, wondering why Caroline Winship spent most of her time watching it from her window across the square, he noticed a young man apparently inspecting No. 22. Mr. Pinkerton learned he was an American, Dan McGrath, who had met and fallen in love with Mary Winship, during the war. Now he had come back and found her house a ruin.

Mr. Pinkerton told Dan that Mary now lived across the road at No. 4, and Dan arranged to stay there. But to Mr. Pinkerton's distress, he found that Mary's aunt was sending her to Paris. Was it for fear that Dan was a detective looking for Mary's father, whom most people believed dead? Was it because Caroline Winship didn't want Mary to hear from her father . . . if he was alive?

Mr. Pinkerton waited in his room for a chance to speak to Mary. Suddenly he heard footsteps behind him, and then something soft and smothering fell over his head, blotting out consciousness.

PART II

McGrath Moves In

As Dan McGrath's taxi skidded into Godolphin Square, the driver stopped talking long enough to sound his horn viciously at a man who had slipped out of the shadowy darkness almost under the wheels. "No. 4 you said, sir?" He drew up at the kerb and went around to open the door. "And as I was telling the wife just this morning, you voted for the beggars, I didn't."

He was a voluble man with politico-domestic grievances; Dan McGrath was an American, newly arrived and interested.

"Now in America, sir, it's my understanding. . . ."

Dan McGrath listened, the two of them smoking his cigarettes, standing together on the pavement in front of No. 4 Godolphin Square, several storeys beneath the stone coping overhead. When he finally entered the house, Miss Violet Grimstead came trippingly towards him.

"Oh, Mr. McGrath, I can't think what you'll say." Miss Grimstead was at her most ingratiating worst. "I was so sure one of my people was going on holiday." Her bright, toothy smile remained bright, but there was a calculating flicker in her eye that Dan McGrath could hardly miss. "Of course, there may be some mistake. He tells me he's a friend of yours."

"Who?" Dan McGrath caught himself quickly. "Oh, the little—Mr. Pinkerton. Sure, he's my pal. If it's his room you were going to give me, skip it. Any place suits me so long as it's got a bunk in it."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. McGrath." Miss Grimstead covered her disappointment with a shake of her bright curls. "That is kind of you. You

McGrath was puzzled, and he was angry. First, the attempt on Mr. Pinkerton's life, and now the cold shoulder from Mary Winship. . . . It was time he got busy himself

mustn't think I was trying to inconvenience dear Mr. Pinkerton. He's such a sweet old thing, so shy and so anxious never to make any trouble. Well, good night, Mr. McGrath."

"Don't worry about me, Miss Grimstead. Good night."

Mason, the night porter, stood aside for him to come into the lift. "Not tryin' to inconvenience 'im, not 'er she ain't. Not always tryin' to get 'im out because 'e's a poor connection of the owner and likely to peach on 'er, she ain't, poor little blighter." He stopped the lift. "'Ere you are, sir."

It was a small, airless cupboard at the end of the transverse hall opposite Mr. Pinkerton's room, ventilated by a pull-up oblong of glass set in the sloping roof. It had a bed and washstand with basin and tall blue hot-water jug, a chair and a small table with a lamp on it, attached by a long cord to the single drop light from the ceiling. From Mr. Pinkerton's room probably, Dan McGrath thought with a smile.

"It ain't much," Mason said. "Mr. Pinkerton's opposite, next the bath and w.c. You share it with 'im—'im and the chef when 'e sleeps in. Chef's got the best room. Got to mind 'im, sir." He touched his temple significantly. "She'd not ask 'im to move out, not 'er, and 'im not sleeping in more than 'alf the time. Kid gloves is what she 'andles 'im with—'im and the valet."

Dan glanced along the hall at Mr. Pinkerton's closed door. "This suits me dandy," he said. "I'm sorry if I've made a lot of trouble." He took a pound note out of his pocket and handed it to Mason. "Good night."

FOR a moment he had an impulse to drop into bed and sleep through the rest of his first night in London. There was no reason why he shouldn't. Twenty-four hours from home, in one sense, a lifetime in another, he had reached the first step to his goal more quickly by far than he had hoped when he stepped into the plane, infinitely more quickly than he had despairingly thought as he stood in front of the ruined house that was the only tangible thread he had to lead him back to her.

As he stood in front of the blasted remains of the house she'd lived in, the sudden agony of emptiness that hit him squarely in the pit of the stomach had been almost intolerable.

Then the little guy had shown up. Shown up, and almost got kicked out of his room for his pains.

Dan McGrath glanced at his watch. It was almost nine o'clock—not too late, he guessed, to drop in on an old friend. He reached into his pocket to get a cigarette, and pulled out a sheet of paper. It was a telegram from his father, delivered to him when the plane landed. He opened it and read it again:

"Look before you leap. But if you decide to leap, all our best wishes and love. Dad."

Something smarted sharply along his upper eyelids for an instant. He knew they'd hoped he'd marry the girl next door, and he would have, probably, if it hadn't been for that night six years ago on the steps of the Underground.

It was a long time for an image to hold, the image of a face white and tense at first, in the dreary darkness crowded with people coming home from work, reeking with antiseptics and the heavy acrid odour of cordite and the pungent smell of human fear. With his arm around her, he could feel her heart, pounding through her blue coat under his hand.

It was a long time to hold the image of the dismayed widening of her blue eyes as she realized she was clinging to him and that he had his arm around her. He remembered her voice and the warmth of her slight body as they sat close together until the all-clear sounded, the curly tendrils of her clean-smelling hair tickling his flushed cheek. And stumbling home with her after it was all over, to No. 22 Godolphin Square.

It was a long time to hold the image of love that was in his heart that night. And it was cockeyed to remember a kid's conversation for six years. About her father, for instance. Her father had gone away, but someday he'd come back. She didn't remember him, or wasn't sure; she might only remember her mother telling about him. But she was sure he'd come back to them . . . or, if he didn't, she would go and find him when the war was over.

It was all crazy. If her father had been gone so long without any word, he was dead or had changed his name and disappeared. It was crazy, but he remembered it, practically every word of it. And here he was back in Godolphin Square—here they both were, after six years. She was in this very house. Or the little man had said she was.

Thinking of Mr. Pinkerton again, Dan McGrath went over to the door. There was someone in the hall. He had not heard the lift come up. He opened the door, glanced out and closed it quickly.

It was a woman, coming out of Mr. Pinkerton's room—or going into it, he couldn't tell—dressed in something that looked very much like a dressing gown and a nightdress, with a shawl about her shoulders. He opened the door again. Whoever it was, he had scared her off. She was disappearing down the stairs, obviously a little frightened, clutching her shawl about her throat.

He shook his head, wondering a little, started to close his door again, and stopped. Mr. Pinkerton's door, he saw now, was ajar, but no light shone out. It seemed a little strange. He hesitated, left his own door as it was and went along the hall.

"Mr. Pinkerton?"

He put his head into the room and spoke again. Mr. Pinkerton was not there. He crossed the room to the rickety lamp on the table. The bulb was cold as he felt for the switch; he pressed it on and looked about him at a room nearly as bare as his own.

A couple of Dresden-china shepherdesses and a few photographs on the mantel were the only personal property he could see, together with a red-green woollen rug on the sofa in front of the open french windows. He looked beyond the sofa, through the windows, out on to the balcony ledge, and took two quick strides across the room. The little man was lying inert, crumpled up, his head against the lead drainpipe.

Dan McGrath said: "Good God!" He bent down quickly, picked Mr. Pinkerton up, carried him into the room and laid him on the day bed. He loosened the purple string tie and ripped open the narrow celluloid collar, opened the band of the shoddy grey trousers, and looked about.

There was no telephone and no bell, no bottle of whisky, no water.

He dashed out into the hall, jabbed the call button on the side of the lift half a dozen times and dashed back. The little man's eyes were open. He was staring blindly, his face suffused, struggling upright.

"Take it easy, Mr. Pinkerton."

"She mustn't go," Mr. Pinkerton whispered. He clutched at Dan's sleeve. "Mustn't go. Mustn't go to Paris."

"Okay, okay. Everything's under control. Just take it easy. It's me—Dan McGrath."

He strode out into the hall, punched the bell violently again and came back. The little man looked pathetically different, lying there without his black bowler hat. There was something else, Dan thought. His spectacles. Without them and the hat he looked indecently nude.

DAN went over to the balcony and glanced along the narrow ledge. The bowler had rolled along nearly to the drain. He retrieved it and looked about for the spectacles. They were nowhere in sight.

He glanced down into the street—they could easily have gone over—and went back into the room. The little man was shivering, his whole meagre frame trembling.

Shock. You keep them warm and get a doctor. He could hear the lift coming up now. *You get them warm, quick.* He picked up the rug folded over the arm of the sofa, opened it up, threw it over Mr. Pinkerton, and stopped abruptly, staring. A curved piece of metal was sticking up through the knitted material. He lifted it quickly and turned it over. Hanging from the coverlet on the inside, caught in the soft woollen stitches, were Mr. Pinkerton's spectacles.

Dan McGrath stared down at them. *Wait a minute, McGrath. Wait just one minute.*

He heard the lift stop and the door clang open, and stood there, still staring down at the knitted rug and the spectacles hanging to it. He glanced out into the hall as it flashed into his mind that it might be a good idea to have a witness, if this meant what he thought it did. It was not Mason there, it was Miss Violet Grimstead; and prompted by a quick impulse, he put the rug back, folding the spectacles, and bunched the soft material together.

"Oh, Mr. McGrath, is there something——?" Miss Grimstead came hurrying along the hall. She came to an abrupt halt in the doorway. "There! I knew it! I told him so not two hours ago. I said: 'Mr. Pinkerton, you are——'"

"I know," Dan said. "But let's get a doctor, shall we? Right away. And I want the police, Miss Grimstead. I'll settle for a doctor first."

Miss Grimstead, bending down to take the faded cloth cover off Mr. Pinkerton's sagging couch, flashed rigidly erect. "The police? Mr. McGrath!" Her blue eyes were bulging, her pink-powdered cheeks mottled. "What do you mean? Are you mad?"

"I'm pretty mad, Miss Grimstead. I'm going to be a whole lot madder if there isn't a doctor here in about five minutes."

Miss Grimstead's eyes were sharp points of calculation. "Very well," she said stiffly. "I'll call a doctor. It happens there is a doctor in the house. Not professionally. He's a surgeon, here making a social call. I'll ask him if he cares to step up and see Mr. Pinkerton. Mr. Sidney Copeland is a very busy man."

He listened to her departing feet

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"She mustn't go," Mr. Pinkerton whispered. "Mustn't go. Mustn't go"

Pickles with the Rev. Tony Waite. "A former down-and-out told Mabel and me about him"

The meaning of friendship

by WILFRED PICKLES

Second article in Pickles's special John Bull series—"The most important things in life"

IF there is one thing that stands out clearer than anything else from the thousands of letters I get, it is that there are so many lonely folk in the world. I would never have believed there is such a need of friendship.

Every day letters reach me from old folks living on their own; from crippled ex-Servicemen still struggling slowly back to a normal way of life five years after the end of war; from blind men and women; and—perhaps the most moving of all—from orphaned or chronically sick children. Writing a few simple words to thank me for the fun *Have a Go!* has brought them, they usually mention the names of one or two of the people I've interviewed. "How I laughed . . .", runs many a letter.

What they mean, even if they don't say it in so many words, is that they've found friends in *Have a Go!* Like me, they feel they're in grand company as they hear these good-humoured, lively folk at the microphone. And I have them in mind when I close each show by saying, ". . . and this is your old pal . . ."

For a long time I have felt that the B.B.C. does a most important job for which it rarely gets credit. We are constantly told about fights over fees and disputes over the time given to records. But little is said about the way broadcasting holds out friendship to those who, because of age, infirmity or shyness, are unable to find enough of it anywhere else.

It is this that makes radio a great job, and it means that Barney Colehan and I must always see that the homely atmosphere is not lost in *Have a Go!* If we did lose it we should be guilty of deserting people like the old lady in Keswick who could not move out of her home and who wrote to me saying, "It always makes me feel I'm one of the invited guests at a party."

I count myself one of the lucky ones; for our programme has brought me millions of friends, in nurseries and old folks' homes, in country mansions and humble prefabs—and in places as far away as Australia and Alaska.

MANY of them tried to help when I was looking for a title for my life story which so many of you read in JOHN BULL. They took the trouble to send me hundreds of suggestions, written on postcards, pages from diaries and even in sheets torn from school exercise books. I remember one in particular: "Nothing But Heaven Itself." It seemed rather good, and I found it was from a quotation which runs, "Nothing but heaven itself is like a friend who is really a friend."

I'm reminded of a story that sometimes gives me a wicked chuckle! It's about the village veteran who was being congratulated by his pals on his hundredth birthday. As they all crowded round him outside the "local," he jammed his walking stick firmly into the gravel and declared: "Ay, an' I haven't an enemy in t'village!" And before they could get a word in, he piped up: "No—they're all dead!"

All of us could do with more friends, and we're always on the look-out for a smile or cheerful word—whether from the delegates at a United Nations meeting or the conductress on the No. 53. And how easily the ice that freezes us within ourselves can be broken!

The other day I went to a school to talk to 500 kiddies, and I tried to tell them something interesting about radio programmes and personalities. "If anybody has any questions about the B.B.C. I'll try to answer them," I said.

Up shot a tiny hand. I saw that it belonged to a little girl of not more than five. "Yes, love, what is it?" I asked. And back came this devastating question: "What do *you* do on the radio?" We were all friends from then on—especially the little girl and me.

FRIENDSHIP is as simple as that: it can be created by a word. But sometimes it flowers slowly, and often not at all. I remember a wise man in Cardiff—he had a job at the docks—who once told me: "It always takes a crisis to bring us to our senses and make us appreciate one another." How right! War brought friendliness as well as tragedy; understanding as well as danger. We all said "Good night" to strangers under a bombers' moon.

Today, our concern for each other shows most strikingly when a submarine goes down, or when men are trapped on a mountainside, or in a pit, or in a wilderness of ice. The death of a loved one, illness, a home on fire: all these bring friends to hand. And thank heaven there are men and women who devote their lives to making friends with the aged and the outcast.

Early this year a tidily-dressed man in his middle-fifties called to have a chat as Mabel and I were packing-up after a broadcast. He told us that the turning-point in his life came through the friendliness of a man I know quite well.

The man is the Rev. Tony Waite, a young parson who gave up a good job as a solicitor to help the tramps and men without hope who drift in and out of Leeds. You may remember that he runs St. George's Crypt, from which we broadcast a few months back.

Well, the middle-aged man told Mabel and me how he had wandered into Leeds, down-and-out, and met Tony Waite, who talked things over with him and fitted him out with fresh clothes. Just outside the crypt our visitor met one of those social nuisances who croaked: "I know where you can get a quid for this lot!" Though he could well have done with the money, the man said: "I can't let that parson down!" Today he and Tony Waite are great pals.

OF all the friendships I have come across in my jaunts up and down these islands—friendship between neighbours, between workmates, between ex-Servicemen (how strong this is!), between people of different nationalities and languages—I have found none more vital than the friendship of husband and wife.

Mabel always makes me smile when we get home after an evening out. Immediately we are indoors she says: "Isn't it grand to be home. Let's lock up." And we take off our shoes and warm our feet by the fire and talk, not about the merry-go-round of Mayfair, but of old friends who mean so much to us that we wish we could have a last drink with them before going to bed.

Real friendship, said that great American, Emerson, "is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution."

That's a much better way of putting it than any I know.

NEXT WEEK: Wilfred Pickles on Freedom

EASY MUTTON

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

Local farmers wouldn't miss a few sheep. And in town they'd fetch plenty of money. Nothing could go wrong—if they trusted each other

CRIME IS RARE IN OUR DALE. For one thing, with such a small population, less per square mile than that of Australia, everybody knows most of what there is to know about everybody else. A stranger coming into the place could scarcely sneeze without the news flashing around. For another, we seem to be a peaceful lot, too busy with sheep to bother about anything less important. There may be a few minor offences, but they never get put on record. The dale policeman is not such a fool as to fall foul of neighbours who could make his friendly life a stony isolation.

So you can judge the extent of the shock to Iredale when the news broke about Ted Lewson and Mike Pugh and their sheep-stealing. To the dalesfolk it remains a crime beyond pardon. Where fell-sheep are concerned, there must be complete trust, or the whole system of fell-farming would fall to pieces.

Throughout most of the year the flocks of Herdwicks and cross-bred Swaledales have to be kept grazing on the fells. There is scant room and scant pasturage for them in our tiny dale fields. Open grazing rights run side by side, and in places unfenced roads cross the high, heathery breasts. Because of his losses from foxes and liver-fluke and wicks—maggots hatched out from blow-fly eggs—and his gains from lambs born on the fells to ewes that have illegally consorted with rams, no farmer would be prepared to swear to the exact number of his flock. It would be so easy to steal; we claim it as the beastliest of crimes.

Lewson and Pugh were clever in their methods. They confined themselves to taking a few at a time, a couple here, three there. If they had trusted each other, they might have gone on for long years without being found out. With the meat shortage, their profits were a useful income. A fat Herdwick ewe, at least forty pounds dressed weight, meant a good price on the black market. Yes, if they had trusted each other, they might never have been caught.

But let the story the police pieced together speak for itself.

Lewson was working for his uncle at Swinpool Farm. He knew sheep. He had all the tricks of the trade at gathering and clipping. He was particularly useful at lambing time. His slender, sensitive fingers had helped many a ewe in difficulties. He had all the makings of a grand shepherd except that he liked company, and spending money, and admiration. He had picked up a bit of conjuring, and gave sleight-of-hand shows in the locals, and purred under the limelight it brought him. In appearance, he was tall and

With one scream, Lewson fell. Pugh stood there, appalled. Then he knew exactly what to do

thin, with floppy brown hair and hazel eyes that could never keep still.

Mike Pugh, who lived farther up the dale with his farming parents, was altogether different. Nobody ever had trusted him much. Short and roundish and neat, with swimmy blue eyes and a permanent smile that seemed unnecessary, he took badly to farming as a youngster. He joined the Army for the war, and came out with no intention of earning a living out of the good earth. What he did was to get a job as a lorry driver with Raine's Transport, over at Holmforth, and to go on boarding at his father's farm.

Likely he was the one to initiate the sheepstealing scheme. He had to get a partner, having no gift himself for handling dogs and sheep. Likely in some quiet spot among the fells he had his first dark chat with Lewson, pointing out how on his lorry trips he had made contacts with various transport cafés. They would pay well for extra mutton.

Anyhow, Lewson came in with him. He knew only too well the simplicity of the first part of the job. Sheep were fond of sleeping on the moor roads. It would be the easiest thing in the world to take out the farm truck on the evenings his uncle was at the Lion, gather a few sheep, and pop them inside.

The more difficult stage in the plan was the butchering of the creatures. Unless they were bled within ten minutes of being killed, the meat would be uneatable. He would have to find some spot where he could carry out the butchering and get rid of all traces.

An old iron mine on Hawkrigg Moor was the answer to his problem. A stony track to it, turning off the road, was wide enough for the truck.

The two made a neat arrangement about cartage and delivery. Most of Pugh's driving was night work. His usual method was to have a meal at home, take the track climbing up at the back of the farm to the road crossing the moor eight hundred feet above, and walk down into Holmforth. This saved him a solid three miles of plugging along roads.

His plan, he explained to Lewson, was to start off from Holmforth with his lorry and official load. Lewson could meet him with the farm truck at some appointed spot a few miles along the route. It would not take five minutes to transfer the bundles to the lorry and tuck them under the tarpaulin into the spaces waiting for them.

THE plan worked well. After a while, to save his legs, Pugh, the lorry driver, took to waiting on the moorland road at a place called Hawkrigg Ghyll, where the Hawkrigg beck drops sixty feet over the side into space, and getting a lift in Lewson's farm truck down to Holmforth. But he was always careful to leave home by the fell-path, and always alighted from the truck before they reached Holmforth. Nobody in the dale was going to have an inkling of his association with Lewson.

But after the manner of his kind, he began to trick his partner. Here he held the whip-hand, as he did all the negotiating and received the actual cash payments. Down in Preston a man called Jack acted for him. Jack kept in touch with the transport cafés and their requirements, told Pugh where to deliver the meat, collected the payments, and settled with Pugh whenever he was in Preston. Lewson had to take Pugh's word for what they were earning, and Pugh's share secretly crept up from a half to three-quarters.

With a countryman's shrewdness, Lewson began to juggle with suspicions that grew smouldering and ugly.

ONE evening in late September, Pugh left his father's farm by the track ascending the fells. He was due to meet Lewson and the truck at a quarter to eight, and he had plenty of time. He was feeling pleased with himself. In his breast pocket nestled a letter he had received by the morning post. It ran:

Dear Mike, The Silverspot Café, Carnbridge, could do with all you can manage. Any time. Yrs., Jack.

Pugh grinned to himself. The Silverspot was a new market. The more markets the better. It made you less dependent on, and less in the grip of, the few.

He climbed on, and skirting the sheer wall of Hawkrigg Ghyll by a zigzag through heather and bents, he emerged upon the moorland road. Something big and extra dark stood out against the gloom. It was Lewson's farm truck, without lights. Lewson himself was leaning against the near mudguard.

Pugh said in a low voice: "O.K., it's me. What have you got tonight?"

"Four—butched. Good fat 'uns."

"Whose?"

"Leece, o' High Ground. They should average forty-two poond."

"Grand," said Pugh. "There's a happy, hungry home waiting for 'em." He tapped his breast pocket. "A new market. Had a letter from Jack today."

Lewson said nothing. There was a longish silence, and Pugh added briskly: "Well, what are we waitin for?"

Seconds passed before Lewson answered. His voice came out in a slow, brooding fashion.

"I've been thinkin'. You're doin' pretty well oot o' this."

"So are you."

"Mebbe. But laikely you're doin' better?"

"Don't be a fool," said Pugh cheerfully. "It's share and share alike. You know that."

"Ay? But I'm not there when you gets t'money fra this man Jack."

"Of course you're not," said Pugh, very affably. "That side of things has to be done in Preston. But I've told you before, everything that comes in I split fifty-fifty with you."

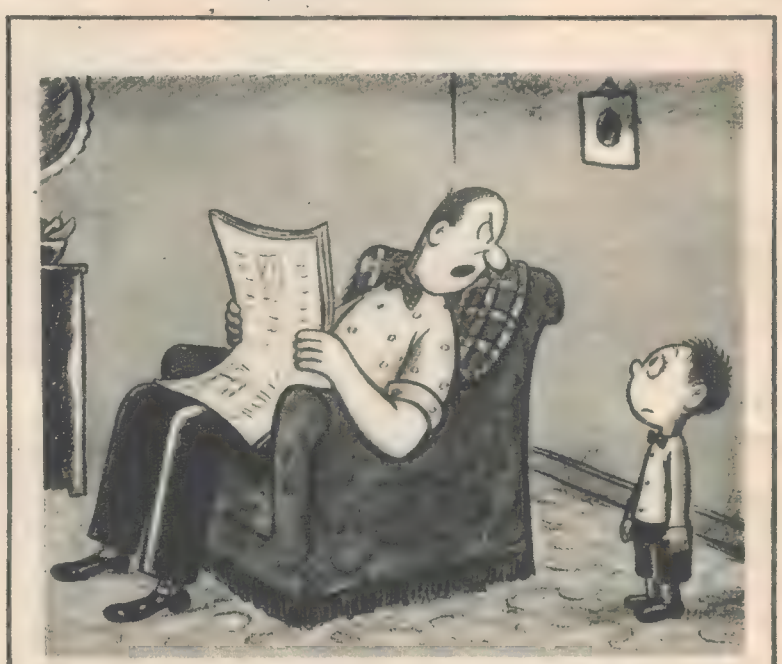
Lewson held out a long hand. "I'd like a look at that letter."

Pugh read what was in his mind instantly, and assumed a righteous indignation. "So that's it, eh? Suggesting I'm swindling you. Trying to get hold of Jack's address, so that you can ask him what he's been paying over."

Lewson gave a stubborn grunt. "Ay, you can put it that way."

"Well, I'll tell you this," said Pugh, with a kind of sorrowful frankness, "you've either got to trust me, or find somebody else. In any case," he added truthfully, "Jack's address isn't on this letter. He's too careful."

What happened next was quick and confusing. Lewson took a long and sudden pace up to him, his body pressed against Pugh's. Pugh was frightened, so frightened that he lashed out with his fist. It took Lewson under the jaw, and for once in a way this sure-footed dalesman was caught off his balance. He pitched outwards, over the rock face, and with one scream dropped down into darkness and eternity. Lewson's dog, squatting by the roadside, began to howl.



"All right, *don't* go to bed! One way or the other I'll have some obedience around here"

For a matter of seconds Pugh stood there appalled, staring into the emptiness. Then, with the swift, cold reasoning of his type, he knew exactly what he was going to do and how he was going to know nothing whatever about Lewson's end. He was safe, absolutely safe. Nobody knew that he had met Lewson up here. There was not a scrap of evidence to link him with the fact that he had been anywhere near Hawkrigg Ghyll.

His father and mother could vouch that he had left at seven by the track behind the farm. After that, he had taken the left fork, higher up, and emerged on the road at a spot a mile beyond the ghyll, farther towards Holmforth. Nobody could disprove that.

He glanced at his watch. It was five minutes to eight. Brisk walking would get him to Raine's by half-past. If he was ever questioned his times would tally with his story.

He left the howling dog and the silent lorry and walked off at a fast pace towards Holmforth.

At half-past eight he signed on at Raine's and reported to the manager. The manager consulted a sheaf of papers. "Ah, here's tonight's job, Pugh, Blackburn. Nothing doing, yet, though. Load's not ready. Amuse yourself for the next couple of hours, and be back by ten thirty."

"O.K.," said Pugh.

He went over to the White Horse, ordered a black-and-tan and watched them playing darts. No uneasiness prickled at him. His mind had been sifting every detail of that scene on the dark road and he was satisfied there was nothing that could give him away. No footprints, no marks of a scuffle had been left on the ground. He and Lewson had been standing on a natural projection of fell-side granite by the edge of the road.

He had three more drinks, joined in the darts, and came away from the White Horse untroubled and smiling. Even when he got back to the garage and saw there the Iredale policeman and a county police sergeant he felt no real dread.

HE thought quickly: They've found Lewson's body. They've come to ask if he passed me on the road tonight. That's what it is. Routine inquiries. O.K. His story was foolproof.

"We want a word with you," said the sergeant.

"What's up?" said Pugh, suitably wide-eyed.

"We'll talk in here." The sergeant led the way into the manager's empty office. "Now, we're making some inquiries concerning the decease of the late Edward Lewson."

"What! Ted Lewson dead! Never!"

Stolidly, the sergeant asked a string of questions. Pugh answered them promptly and smoothly. He told them every detail of his route from his father's farm to Holmforth that evening. No, he hadn't seen Lewson or Lewson's truck. No, he hadn't seen Lewson that day at all. In fact, he hadn't seen him since last Monday down at the Lion. Met him there casually.

Pugh's swimmy, smiling eyes were full of friendliness. They expressed a regret that he couldn't do any more to help them.

"You're sure?"

"Quite sure. Last time I saw him was Monday."

"Then can you explain this?" said the sergeant. "It was found clutched in his hand."

Out of his pocket he drew something white. It was an envelope addressed to Mr. M. Pugh, and it bore the time and date of the Preston postmark.

Pugh's own hand dived into his pocket and came out empty. In a dizzy, surging rush he saw the truth. Lewson pressing against him. His slick, conjurer's hand sliding out the letter.

"It couldn't have been delivered to you until this morning," said the sergeant, with awful mildness. "Could it?"

Through the window Pugh saw the lorry for Blackburn waiting. He wouldn't be going to Blackburn. Pugh sat down heavily on the chair the sergeant drew out for him. Maybe he wouldn't ever be going to Blackburn. THE END

Magic powder from the sea

by IAN BEVAN

It's Mr. Bonniksen's secret. It will make soap, soup or blancmange, can be turned into textiles and will improve beer. And it all comes from seaweed

ON A SHELF IN THE kitchen of Mrs. Cyril Bonniksen's pleasant Oxfordshire cottage is a jar of white powder, not unlike ordinary flour, but most extraordinary in its effects. This is the secret ingredient of magnificent custards, blancmanges and fruit pies with which she delights her family and excites the interest of her neighbours.

Mrs. Bonniksen is at present the only housewife in Britain who can use the mystery formula, for it is produced to special order by her husband in his private laboratory.

"That's the advantage of being married to an industrial chemist," she says, as she stirs some into cold milk, and, within ten minutes, has a delicious, raspberry-flavoured blancmange.

Her forty-nine year old husband has been playing about with the powder for more than twenty years. Already he has made it the basis of a successful company operating three factories, and has introduced it into an amazing variety of commercial products from liquid soap to textiles, but he thinks this is only the beginning of what will become a minor industrial revolution.

Brewers Are Using It

In a slightly different form, the powder which is used by Mrs. Bonniksen to make blancmange is used by surgeons to prevent dangerous post-operative haemorrhages, and by brewers to clarify beer.

Almost unknown to industry ten years ago, it has found its way into canned soups, printing pastes, jellies, dental moulds, latex rubber, tomato sauce and distemper.

"You know," said Mr. Bonniksen, as he discussed the matter with a friend the other day, "it's almost impossible to think of a manufactured article that the powder couldn't be used in. Sometimes I wonder how the world ever managed to get on without it."

Yet the truth is that the world survived in blissful ignorance of its existence until 1883, when it was discovered by a Scottish chemist named Stanford, and even then no one else was very excited about it.

Stanford thought the powder was worth a fortune, but it never earned him a penny. More than forty years later, reports of his discovery were read by an inquisitive lecturer at University College, London, and things began to happen.

The lecturer—it was Bonniksen—had been in Chile helping to mine nitrate fertilizers in the desert. A by-product of the nitrate was iodine and, when the discovery of synthetic nitrates threatened to put an end to the commercial production of the natural product, Bonniksen thought there might be a world shortage of iodine.

He returned to London, took a job in the chemistry department at University College, and read all he could about the old method of producing iodine from seaweed.

As it happened, he was wrong in his reasoning about iodine, but in his reading he came across Stanford's description of a previously unknown glutinous material which he had extracted from brown seaweed and named alginic acid.

He Began With A Shock

Bonniksen was interested. The substance was not mentioned in any of the standard reference books. None of his colleagues had ever heard of it. He wanted to see some, so he drove to Folkestone, collected half a hundredweight of seaweed at low tide, and brought it back to his laboratory in the basement of University College.

He didn't know then what any child on the west coasts of Scotland or Ireland could have told him—that seaweed decays quickly and makes an appalling stench.

He knew it the next day. The building was almost uninhabitable for a week, but Bonniksen persevered with his research and eventually extracted some alginic acid.

This was in 1927—the year when industry was in a frenzy of excitement over the discovery of artificial silk—and Bonniksen's first thought was that the strange stuff in seaweed might be useful for making synthetic yarn.

He proved that alginic acid could be spun into an artificial thread, and also that, in the form of a film, it was absolutely transparent.

Transparency is a rare virtue among easily handled materials, so the young chemist decided to make transparent wrapping papers out of seaweed. In 1934 he formed a company to do this, called Cefoil, Ltd.

Unfortunately for him, the rival material, Cellophane, had more than a head's start in the manufacturing race and, by the time his company was ready to go into production in 1939, there was no future in making a new type of transparent paper.

He was about to switch his researches back to yarn when the war started and seemed to mark the end of his adventure into industry, but in 1940 the Ministry of Supply became seaweed conscious and Cefoil, Ltd., found itself with backing for new projects. Experts thought alginic acid might be the source of two important war substitutes: a camouflage fabric to replace Indian hessian, and a strong but light material which could be used instead of South American balsa wood in the manufacture of Mosquito aircraft.

Bonniksen and his fellow research workers solved both problems, but only after the need for the substitutes had disappeared. Nevertheless, alginic acid played an important part in the war. It was the starting point for the production of a variety of substances, collectively known as alginates.

His Disappearing Paper

Cefoil, Ltd., which has since been renamed Alginate Industries, Ltd., concentrated on making the alginates which were then used by other companies in the manufacture of foodstuffs, pharmaceuticals, cosmetics, textiles, detergents, paints and a number of other products.

Bonniksen's chief interest became the discovery of new uses for his beloved white powder. Someone suggested it might provide the basis for a "disappearing paper." Within a few months, he had produced a paper for printing codes and secret documents, and which could, in an emergency, be eaten.

This was used by the R.A.F., by secret agents, and by resistance movements. To make the documents more palatable, Bonniksen gave his paper a touch of lemon flavouring.

Because the alginates can be easily digested, many people think they might provide an important source of food.

A Special Delicacy

Seaweed as food is nothing new. Coastal farmers all over the world have used it as stock fodder and fertilizer for centuries. Chinese gourmets treat it as a special delicacy, and the Japanese have taken up the habit in the last hundred years to such an extent that they have to sow seaweed crops to satisfy the demand.

A special type of seaweed, from the sandstone reefs on the Pembrokeshire coast, is used to make "laverbread" which is popular in South Wales.

Bonniksen does not think seaweed will ever make a general appearance on British menus along with whalemeat and snoek. In fact, he doubts whether it has any real food value for humans except as roughage.

But seaweed can make a big contribution to our national diet, he believes, as an industrial substitute for starch, gelatine and cassein.

At present, thousands of tons of good food are used in this country

"It's a miracle worker." Cyril Bonniksen inspects his alginic powder

Bonniksen handles some alginate textile. His powder may also be valuable in dentistry and open the way to new surgical techniques

Children love it. Mrs. Bonniksen serves blancmangé made from seaweed

each week by industry. The Lancashire textile mills, alone, use about 200,000 tons of starch a year, which means millions of loaves of bread and thousands of sacks of potatoes lost to our dinner tables.

The paper mills use cassein, which deprives us of cheese. Even the ink with which these words are printed contains a certain quantity of food in the form of gelatine and gums.

Industry uses these food products because they are technically what are known as "colloids." They are used for thickening (as in printing pastes), creaming emulsions (latex rubber), gelling (dental moulds), and in helping to spread other substances out in very thin films (textiles, paper and paints). The principal sources of colloids are animal and vegetable products such as meat, wheat, potatoes and milk.

Could Save Us Food

"But," Bonniksen explains with an air of triumph, "alginic acid is the perfect colloid. It is three and a half times as efficient as cassein in coating paper, five times as efficient as starch in sizing textiles, and fourteen times as efficient as gelatine in making ice-cream. All we have to do is to produce much more of it, at a competitive price, and the other colloids can be left as good, nourishing food. We won't eat seaweed, but we'll eat a lot of other things which at present the factories use."

Cost and quantity limit the use of alginates. Before they can become cheap and plentiful, some simple way must be found of harvesting large quantities of seaweed.

Unfortunately, the types of seaweed which are known to produce alginic acid grow at depths up to five fathoms in stormy waters and tide rips where it is most difficult to collect them. No one has invented suitable machinery to do the job, so the alginate industry stays tied by the primitive methods which have existed on the coasts for hundreds of years.

These coastal people are suspicious of new methods, as Bonniksen found out before the war when he set up a small, experimental plant at Bellochantuy on the coast of Argyllshire, near what he hoped were prolific beds of seaweed.

First of all the locals thought he was running an illicit still—a surmise which was aided by the frequent trips he used to make over to Ireland, and the comings and goings of friends in private aeroplanes.

Started A Spy Scare

Then he had some special machinery delivered from Stettin in cases covered with German labels, and some seaweed brought down from Stromness in a Latvian vessel whose crew could not speak a word of English.

Obviously he was up to no good, and the canny villagers got word through to M.I.5. Bonniksen noticed nothing at the time, but looking back he remembers the enthusiastic fisherman who spent days casting for trout that had never existed in the little stream near his plant, and the tweedy characters with guns who paused to chat about the number of rabbits in the neighbourhood.

Months later, he heard from a friend in a Government department that he had been carefully vetted by the Secret Service and the villagers had been reassured that nothing more sinister was going on than the production of alginic acid—if they knew what that was.

The problem of finding new ways to harvest seaweed cheaply and in large quantities is now being investigated by the Scottish Seaweed Research Association, a non-profit group financed by the Government and by the various industries interested in seaweed.

Scientists in Australia and the United States are also working on the problems of using alginates. Other countries, notably South Africa, India, Russia, Malaya, Ceylon, Spain, Italy and Ireland, harvest seaweed for various purposes.

They use it to produce agar (a jelly-like substance which was an essential part of the vaccine shots soldiers had during the war) and carrageenin (used in many medicines).

Alginic acid, however, is still very much a British speciality. The original discovery was British, its re-discovery in the twenties was British, and most of its commercial uses have originated here.

Current production of alginic acid and the various alginates is worth about £500,000 a year, but this can be expanded at least ten times when the seaweed can be harvested.

Some of the things alginic acid will do are completely new. For instance, it can be used as the basis for a dental gauze which will not only stop the bleeding after an extraction, but can be left in the gum socket and will be gradually absorbed into the system as the wound closes.

A Boon For Shavers

Careless shavers will bless alginic acid, because it stops bleeding instantaneously. Surgeons think it may open the way to many new operative techniques. The use of alginate textile has become almost standard practice in the operation for prostatitis, which used to involve grave risks of haemorrhage, and there is a possibility of it being used in delicate brain surgery.

Medical research has shown that alginates are absorbed by the human system readily and without harmful effects. Thus an operation wound may be dressed with alginate gauze which can be left inside the body and will eventually disappear of its own accord.

Another property of alginic acid is that, unlike most jelly substances, it is not melted by heating. Artificial cherries made from it can be baked in cakes without dissolving into a watery blob of pink colouring matter.

Alginate textiles are non-inflammable. Alginate camouflage materials imitate vegetation exactly in their chemical structure and are not detected by infra-red photography. Alginate foam — the substitute for balsa—is as strong as wood but only one-twentieth the weight of water.

"Nobody thinks what wonderful stuff seaweed is when they slip on it at the seaside," says Bonniksen, "but alginic acid is one of nature's miracle workers."

Something of his enthusiasm for this magic powder from the sea was shared by a Government official who was connected with the wartime experiments.

A code name was necessary, and the official was so impressed with the qualities of alginic acid that he christened it "BGRM." The last three letters stood for "good raw material" and the "B" was meant to show how extremely good he thought it was. THE END

Elmer said: "Excuse me, are you the master of the dhow that came in this afternoon?" Muhamed turned. He said in fair English: "I am the Nakouda"

Meeting in Zanzibar

Elmer wanted that Arab dhow. He wanted it badly, and he meant to get it.

A fistful of dollars ought to do the trick

by ALISTAIR SCOBIE

ELMER C. KANE, a cigar in his mouth, lounged at the rail of his yacht in the Zanzibar anchorage and said: "Gee, Bobby, will you look at *that*?"

Bobby Baxter, his friend and companion, who knew all too clearly that his creature comforts depended on the accent being just right every time he said "Yes" to Elmer, got out of his deck chair and told his friend: "Elmer, you certainly have an eye for beauty. That sure is the prettiest sight I ever did see."

They gazed at the ship as she came into the anchorage at speed, the blue water turning white under her cutwater. A dhow, Oman built, a Begala, two-masted, her masts raking across the feathery palms as she drove in, her great yards bending with the wind, her Somali crew getting sail off her as she raced into the crowded anchorage, a master-hand at her helm.

"Gee, what a sight!" said Elmer C. Kane.

Now, Elmer was not a typical American. To find a typical American, if such a thing exists, you would have to go no farther than the tanker anchorage where the *St. Louis Belle*, a 15,000-ton tanker, was off-loading oil. The skipper from Los Angeles, the mate from Tampico, the chief engineer from Arkansas, the steward from Nebraska . . . *they* were typical Americans. Elmer C. Kane was a spoilt, rich young man who had always had exactly what he wanted and never wanted it when he got it.

"Yes, sirree," said Bobby Baxter, "that is a lovely sight."

Elmer, in his special blue silk yachtman's shirt, his khaki slacks and his espadrilles, turned a pouchy face to his friend. "Imagine taking a ship like that home to the States!" he said.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD FORSTER

"You could present it to a museum," Bobby said, "I guess they'd make you a Doctor or something if you gave them an Arab dhow."

"I was thinking of the faces of the boys at the Yacht Club if I sailed it up Long Island Sound."

"They'd sure be green with envy. How would you get it across? Sail it?"

"Be your age. No, I'd load it on the tanker that's going back, then bring it up the coast behind *Opal*." *Opal III* was his yacht, on whose deck they were talking.

"Then cast off somewhere and sail right up to the yacht mooring, eh?"

"Could be. I'll bet that baby there is all of two-fifty tons." Elmer took the cigar out of his

mouth. "I'll bet those babies on that scow would take cash for it. I'll bet ten thousand dollars would buy it and all its cargo. I'll bet they'd be glad to sell. Yes, glad."

"You don't mean you're thinking of——"

"I don't know just what I'm thinking of," said Elmer, "but I'm going to find out things. Let's get ashore." But when they reached the old harbour where the dhows lay, they were just in time to see the dhow-master, Muhamed Bin Hussein, being driven away in a very modern motor car.

SITTING in a shady room in a mud-walled house with fantastically carved and spiked door, a typical Zanzibari house, eating mutton with his fingers, Muhamed listened to the agent's tale of woe. "What have you brought on your ship, Nakouda?"

Muhamed, always addressed as Nakouda, which simply means "captain," sucked his fingers as a native boy brought water. "Dates from Basra. A sack or two of frankincense. Dried shark and barracuda, carpets and silk from Mombasa. Ghee salt, and the . . . other stuff."

"Opium can be sold. Prices are bad but a man must have dreams. But the other goods, Nakouda; I fear to tell you how bad times are."

"Times are always bad," said Muhamed, taking the tiny dish of spiced coffee offered to him, "yet you have got me good prices in the past. Allah is very Merciful."

"Blessed be His Name. But things are very, very bad. There is no money here, Nakouda. I doubt if we can sell a quarter of your cargo."

Muhamed frowned. He was used to the tricks of agents, yet there was an unpleasant sincerity in the man's voice. "How so? I must empty my ship. I must have money to get to Lamu and buy mangrove poles. Most of the poles I will take, for why should the British infidels ask money for the trees Allah has planted? Yet I must buy a cargo that will make it seem reasonable to them."

"The clove trees are dying," said the agent.

Muhamed let air hiss out between his clenched teeth. "So!" he said. Zanzibar lives by exporting spice. If the clove trees were dying, there was no money . . . but it was Allah's will, nothing could be done.

Muhamed Bin Hassein pulled gently at his spade beard, dyed with henna. Who would buy even his ship if trade was bad?

Later, he went to the waterfront, walked along looking at the craft in the harbour. Dhows, coastal dhows, big Indian craft, batili from the Red Sea, Persian dhows from the Gulf, steamers, a fine white yacht with the Stars and Stripes lank at her taffrail. He walked on, a dignified figure with his white, gold-embroidered robes, his black headrope containing his fine headcloth, a Zanzibari stick in his hand, ornately carved. On the way to the steps he was stopped by an infidel in a blue shirt and well-cut khaki trousers.

"Oh, excuse me," said Elmer C. Kane, "are you the master of the dhow that came in this afternoon?"

Politely, Muhamed turned. He knew what the American wanted, to come aboard with the camera that hung around his neck and take pictures of the Somali crew dancing. That was what they always wanted. But sometimes they bought carpets (imported from Manchester) if they were pleased with the show, and this was such a bad year that Muhamed could not afford to turn trade away.

"I am the Nakouda," he said.

"I sure was impressed by the way you brought your ship in this afternoon. Did my heart good."

"You must come aboard my ship," said Muhamed, wondering how many carpets the man would be good for.

"I would like to do that, sir. Incidentally, this is Mr. Baxter, my friend." Muhamed Bin Hassein greeted Bobby Baxter, who gaped at the robes and the headrope, at the amber prayer beads that were never far from the Nakouda's hands.

"What is the name of your ship?" Elmer asked.

"In your language, *The Compassion of the Winds of God*."

"Why, that's a wonderful name for a ship, isn't it, Bobby?"

"It certainly is, Elmer."

"When could we go aboard, Captain?"

"I am going out now," the Nakouda told him, "if you would care to visit her . . . but she is just an old trader, you know. Not modern or interesting."

Drums were beating aboard the dhows as the Somali rowers chanted, pulling them out to the *Compassion of the Winds of God*. Muhamed, sitting with his brow wrinkled, in the stern, could hardly believe that he read aright the look on the face of Elmer C. Kane as they rowed in under the fine carved stern of the *Compassion*. A greed for possession, a lust for ownership—surely this could not be true. Yet who could say what madness these infidels would not contract? Allah was very good, very merciful.

Bobby Baxter climbed on to the decks, smelling the sharp reek of dried fish and the ripe dates of her cargo, and knew suddenly, with a strange intuition, that she could never ride at anchor as a strange trophy at the Yacht Club's fine anchorage. She would sink first.

"Lantern on the poop," the Nakouda called in his own language, "Spread carpets for our guests. Make coffee. Tell Ahmed to play. Let the men dance."

Elmer C. Kane was a sensitive man, a sensual man, for Allah has written it that if a man is disabled in one direction he shall have other senses, other attributes sharpened. There was but one clear thought taking shape in his mind. He must have this ship. . . .

But the pearl-grey light of dawn was in the sky, and many a thimbleful of spiced coffee was drunk, before the price had been agreed. Fifteen thousand American dollars. Instinctively, with the Arab merchant's instinct, Muhamed Bin Hassein had gauged the top price the American would pay, and clung to it like a limpet through the haggle that inspired him and Elmer and exhausted Bobby Baxter.

THE Nakouda woke at noon and, after dressing with care, waited patiently under the hot sun of his old deck for the future owner to come aboard. Somehow the day was tasteless, although it should have been his day of triumph. Yes, he loved the life. And there was still opium to be run, still mangrove poles to be stolen from the British, still crafty merchants to outwit and dangerous shoals and winds to cheat, still lies to be told, beautiful lies that made the difficult things easy if they were told well enough, still bravery to be seen on the face of the sea.

A new ship? Ah, he was an old man for a new ship. When he came into a port, swift as any pirate dhow, men said: "Here comes Muhamed Bin Hassein, here comes the *Compassion of the Winds of God*! And it is one of Allah's miracles that she is still afloat. . . ." He was proud of her. More, though. Something he did not like to remember. Under the deep coating of oil on her poop deck was a darker stain, where his father had died in an affray when she had been running slaves, fifty years before. Could he now sell her to an infidel? But what was she, for the love of Allah? An old ship. Who was he to cry for an old ship? Like a woman.

He looked out over the harbour, at the anchored dhows, at the boats that scudded among them like water beetles. The ship two berths away, an Indian dhow, was raising her great yards, her men yelling and singing like demons, drums beating as they hauled. Two hours it would take them before she faced the sea. For India.

Chugging of an outboard motor alongside and here came the two infidels, smiling, jauntily, they climbed aboard, smart, sure of themselves. "Here, old-timer," said Elmer, less polite now with a newfound confidence of ownership, "here's your cheque. You don't have to hand over the ship until it clears the bank, of course."

The Nakouda did not take the grey-blue slip of crisp paper.

"I'm not fooling," said Elmer, a little less sure of himself. "Oh, the cheque's O.K. In rupees, or pounds or dollars. Any way you want it. My name's good enough!"

"It sure is, Elmer," Bobby said. He hoped, hoped hard against all hope that the deal was falling through. Let the fool see that there was more in this life than signing cheques. And now it came.

"Surely," said the Nakouda, "we were but passing an idle jest?"

"Jest!" Elmer let the cheque drop to his side. "You weren't joking last night, mister, and it's no good telling me you were. You can take this cheque to the bank and see if I'm joking."

Muhamed did not move. He looked very dignified as he stood on his deck in his splendid robe.

"O.K.," Elmer said, "so you want to raise the ante. O.K., I can pay for what I want. I'll give you half as much again."

"Elmer——" said Bobby.

"I mean it, damn his soul. I'll give you double. I'm not an Arab niggling over a pound of rotten dates. Here, take the cheque." He threw the cheque towards the Nakouda, and it fluttered to the deck.

"My father was killed on this ship," said the Nakouda. "His blood stains the deck. I cannot sell his ship. It is not mine to sell."

There was a sneer on Elmer's face. It wasn't there because he doubted Muhamed, but because instinctively he knew the Arab was speaking the truth, a truth that hurt. For Elmer C. Kane valued all things at a cash price—or so he would have liked to believe. "Name your price and I'll pay it," he said. "Don't give me any sob-stuff about your dead father."

"I will not sell though you offer me the world," said Muhamed Bin Hassein, simply.

"Elmer——" said Bobby again.

Elmer shrugged. "I know when I'm licked, I guess."

Muhamed stooped to the bench and picked up a sharp Arab knife that lay there.

He said: "Sir, this is an ordinary Arab knife, such as many men carry, but for me it has a special significance. I have never been without it, for it was the knife that killed my father. Here, take it, to remind you of me."

"I couldn't do that," said Elmer.

"It is my wish. I am a poor man. This voyage has been a failure. If you want my ship, soon she will be taken from me and sold. Then you may buy her. But I could not sell. Here, take this knife and remember its story, and when you use it as a sailor uses a knife, remember me and remember the *Compassion of the Winds of God*."

"Thank you," Elmer said. "I am most deeply touched." Elmer wanted to offer him something, but suddenly he knew that he could not. He bowed, a jerky, unaccustomed bow, and climbed down into the dinghy.

Aboard his own yacht, he called his captain. "Listen, Smart. Get ready to leave. And listen. Before we go I want you to take an envelope for me and give it to the old Arab duck that runs that big dhow over there. Take it yourself; I don't want any slip-ups."

"Very good, Mr. Kane."

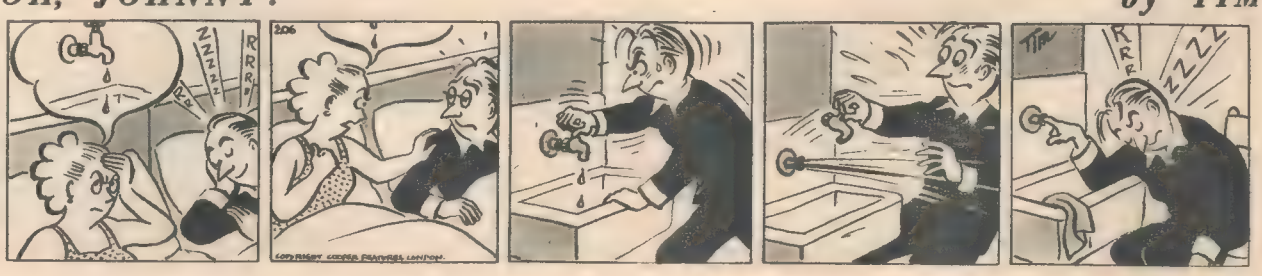
WHEN the *Opal III* had gone, and Muhamed sat on his deck with his mate and his agent, he opened the envelope and started to laugh. In his hands he held a cheque for a thousand American dollars. "Oho, I know men," he said. "I knew he was too proud to receive a gift. Hasoun, my friend, he fell like a ripe fruit!"

Hasoun, the mate, looked at him in wonderment. "What is this money for? You told me you would not sell?"

"He has paid for his hospitality aboard my ship," said the Nakouda, "and, friend, I forgot to tell you, I was using your old knife and dropped it in the harbour."

"It was of no worth," said Hasoun, and he wondered why the Nakouda laughed, without reason, and laughed again. THE END

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



Stretcher case. Not all the ambulance man's patients are as easy to handle. Some have a horror of hospital, refuse treatment—then collapse

Ambulance man—the split second job

by ERIC BENNETT

Ten seconds after an emergency call is made, an ambulance is on the way—to a street accident, a maternity case or a summons from one of the "regulars"

JOCK SUTHERLAND, thirty-five year old London ambulance driver, got up early. He was on the morning shift, accident work, and he had to travel from his home in Headstone Lane, Harrow, to the headquarters station in Waterloo Road.

By 7 a.m. he had reported for duty, met his team mate, twenty-seven year old Harry Morley from Camberwell, and begun the first job of the day: care and maintenance.

Together they gave their ambulance a thorough clean up, inside and out, tested the engine and checked oil and petrol. They made a rapid inspection of their accident equipment: ninety-four different items ranging from Epsom-salt to surgical instruments, from hacksaw (one) with spare blades (six) to oxygen apparatus.

At 8.10 they were satisfied. Jock and Harry went into the drivers' room to eat their breakfast. They had just put their food on the table when the bells went down. Four sharp rings for the accident service.

"Every time a coconut," grinned Jock. "It always happens as soon as we get the grub out."

Harry had already disappeared. The engine of the ambulance was roaring, as Jock ran into the watch-room. Ernie Simons, twenty-nine years in the ambulance service, who had rung the bells, had already turned to his log.

Miss Lilian Tetlow, a veteran at twenty-five with A.R.P. service through the war and four years with the ambulances since, had taken the telephone message from the central Control Board in County Hall. She handed Jock a slip of paper and said:

"Charing Cross underground station. Inside."

Ten seconds after the telephone had rung and six seconds after the bells went down, the ambulance, bell clanging, was racing through the streets.

Jock made Charing Cross in three and a half minutes. Fair time. They like to do it in three. Headquarters station holds the record average time in reaching accidents with 6.8 minutes, against an all-London average of 7.1.

The case was a simple one. A passenger had collapsed in the station, apparently with a heart attack. Jock and Harry knew what to do. They not only hold the ordinary first aid certificates, but have been put through a gruelling course by L.C.C. medical officers. In less than four minutes the sick man is in the ambulance and on his way to hospital.

As soon as they have handed over the patient to the hospital Jock rings the Control Board, reports his time of arrival and says he is on his way back.

When his ambulance had gone out a red light showed against the code letter indicating headquarters station. Now the light is changed to green, showing that the ambulance is homeward bound.

In this way the Control Board, which takes all 999 calls for ambulances, knows at any given moment the ambulance reserve at every one of the seventeen accident stations. Miss F. Grimes, Control Room supervisor, can tell at a glance if one area is likely to be undercovered and whether it would be wise to send reinforcements from the nearest station.

Back to the station and breakfast—they hope—go Jock and Harry. This time they do get a bite, and then Bob Turner arrives from his home at Fulham.

First Of New Fleet

H.Q. station is the only one which combines both accident and general ambulance work, and this day forty-five year old Bob is on general work, which means a 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. shift. But that is not the reason why Jock and Harry pull his leg.

What they rag him about is the "pansy bus." Bob Turner is about the proudest man in the London ambulance service today. He is the driver of the first of a new fleet of ambulances, a powerful Daimler specially designed by L.C.C. experts and generally acclaimed to be the finest type of ambulance in the world.

But he did not have to take much ragging that morning. The bells went down again. Two rings for general service. Bob collected his briefing. A maternity case.

"They're unusual at this time of

day," he said as he jumped into the big Daimler. "The night shift get most of those."

General ambulance work, which mainly consists of taking non-emergency cases to hospital, is not so exciting or so interesting as accident work, and Bob, Jock, Harry and most other drivers at H.Q. prefer accident service.

Elsewhere in London the two services do not mix. There are six general ambulance stations, each with an average of thirty to forty vehicles. The seventeen accident stations, shortly to be increased to twenty, have only two or three ambulances each. H.Q. holds the strategic reserve.

Before Bob has returned from his maternity case — and he knows enough about midwifery to cope with any unforeseen emergency—the bells have rung four times again and Jock and Harry are off.

All they know when they leave the station is the address or the location of the accident. They never know whether they will find a multiple road crash or a man with an epileptic fit. This time it is another man who has collapsed, but as they turn his head Jock gives Harry a wink. He has recognized one of their "regulars."

On this occasion the man had collapsed almost at the feet of a policeman who had immediately dialled for an ambulance. Jock and Harry knew the man, who had several times before staged fits to get a short rest in a hospital. But it is not their business to diagnose or reason why. The "regular" is treated as swiftly and as efficiently as every other case, lifted tenderly into the ambulance and taken to hospital.

"We get some funny jobs," says Jock. "There was that night shift recently when a drunk rang up to order an ambulance for himself. Before he could finish the message he fell down and dropped the receiver, and the night crew had the deuce of a job driving round to find him."

Next time the bells went down it was a bigger job. Two trains had crashed at a London terminus. No one had been killed, but there were about thirty people suffering from cuts, bruises and shock. While Jock got busy, Harry reported back.

Called In Reserves

Assistant Superintendent F. C. Jenson, in charge of H.Q. station, raced out in his car to assess the size of the incident. He reported, and as the ambulances began to flow in from the nearest stations, so the reserves gradually moved up from the remoter districts.

"Odd thing about these jobs," said Harry later, "is the number of people who refuse treatment, say they are all right and start to walk away. Then, when you think you have finished, they are the people who drop down in heaps all around. The reaction has just set in."

"Still odder thing is the number of people who stand round and offer you advice on your job," put in Jock. "Chap just now told me I was doing everything wrong and offered to help. He said he was a first aider. I asked him: 'What the heck do you think I am?'"

The London ambulance service gets more than 200 emergency calls a day. The figure is rising steadily. It has increased from a total of 43,798 in 1944 to 66,373 last year.

Bob, Jock and Harry can break down those figures into human terms. Average run on the morning shift from 7 a.m. to 2 p.m. is something like four cases of sudden illness, one of epilepsy and two people knocked down by street traffic. The night shift, which runs from 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. is kept busy mostly by maternity cases, though there is a street accident highspot between 10 p.m. and midnight. They reckon on about one case of suicide a week.

With their ropes and hacksaws, and rubber gloves for pulling people off live lines and electric cables, the ambulance men can cope with pretty well any situation in which a London workman can find himself.

The conversation turned to the toughest jobs they had tackled. Harry remembered the sailor who was found on the line nearly a mile out from Waterloo Station.

"He was badly injured: both legs. We had to pick him off the live rail at night and walk all the way back with him on a stretcher. But we got him to hospital in time. He is now being fitted up with artificial limbs at Roehampton."

Bob said quietly: "There was a mental patient to be taken to a hospital. I went with the duly authorized officer, who has to supervise the removal, and because it was suggested that there might be violence a couple of policemen came, too. When the door was opened I walked in, and the patient seized a carving knife and rushed straight at us.

"The policemen retreated. I stepped behind the door. When the first excitement had subsided, I talked gently to the poor chap, and he calmly put down the knife and walked with me and the D.A.O. to the ambulance."

Bells Unnerve Motorists

Traffic, of course, is the problem of the ambulance driver in the daytime. Some motorists lose their heads when they hear the bell and get in the way through trying to be helpful. But the ambulance men rarely get involved in a crash themselves.

H.Q. station covers the densest traffic area in London: from Hyde Park Corner to Oxford Circus and the City, then southwards to Vauxhall and Wandsworth. Blackest spot for accidents in this region is the Strand.

Fastest bursts ambulance drivers get through London are between 40 and 50 m.p.h.; they reckon to make Piccadilly from the Waterloo Road in seven minutes. And, of course, it is easier going by night.

One thing all these drivers have in common is keenness. Accident work gives them variety, excitement, a new slant on humanity, and all the time they know they are doing a job worth while.

People are as unpredictable as accidents. Women who have collapsed in the street often have a horror of going to hospital. When this happens a driver rings up Control and asks permission to take the patient home.

"Some won't have us at any price," said Harry. "Only the other day a small boy fell off a bomb-damaged building and injured himself quite seriously. Only when I arrived the boy had vanished. His mother had taken him off home. She probably thought she had to pay a fee for the ambulance—a lot of people still do think that, you know."

Sixty-foot Fall—Unhurt

"And sometimes," concluded Bob, "what should be a bad case just isn't. I went to pick up a colonel who had been walking in his sleep and had fallen sixty feet from the top of a block of flats. He had not even a bruise and was only suffering from shock."

The bells went down. Mr. Jenson hurried in.

"It's a Drinkler job," he said.

The Drinkler is a special ambulance with its inside de-gutted so that it can carry an iron lung. The Drinkler shot out to pick up the lung at a hospital and carry it across London.

Bob reached for one of the endless cups of tea which fill in the gaps of a driver's day.

"It's a nice steady life," he mused with a wink. "Regular shifts, see. Like when I had booked seats to take the wife to the Royal Tournament at Olympia. I was off at 2 p.m., arranged to meet her there at two thirty. At five to two I get a call, and I get back here at 4.15 p.m."

"That reminds me," said Jock. "I'm going out this afternoon."

"You are," grinned Bob, as, vibrating shrilly through the room, the bells went down. THE END

In the watchroom Lilian Tetlow gives the driver his destination. That's all he knows until he gets there

Rugby League international. Anderton watches Wales break away against England. "The rules—and a state of mind—make the game different"

Rugby with the brakes off

by DENNIS HOLMAN

The League version of the game is faster, more spectacular and draws the crowds. In the North, they say it has all this and Mr. Anderton, too

R. F. ANDERTON IS A tall, distinguished-looking Lancastrian, with a shock of greying hair and a spine as straight as a ramrod. He is entitled to the letters J.P. after his name, but in Warrington, his home town, citizens feel it would also be proper to add R.L.—"Rugby League." A Warringtonian explains "Rugby League's our game and if you want to talk about, learn about or dream about it, meet Mr. Anderton."

People don't play just rugby any longer; they play Rugby League or Rugby Union, for the "Northern Heresy," as it was once called, is very much a game in its own right. "The difference," Anderton says, "is not so much of rules, as of a state of mind. League is League. Union is Union. And never the twain shall meet."

Union is the amateur game; League the professional—that is one distinction, though in League counties the amateur members of nearly 500 junior, intermediate and open age clubs far outnumber the members of the twenty-nine professional clubs.

Planned As A Spectacle

The Northern game is better to watch, its supporters claim, because it has been developed over the last fifty years mainly for spectacular appeal. The League side has thirteen players, as against Union's fifteen. There is a scrum, not a line-out after the ball has reached touch. This takes place opposite the point where the kick started, *unless* the ball bounced before going into touch. All kicked goals count only two points, and there are other minor differences.

The cumulative effect is quite a considerable speeding up of the play. A lot of loose scrambling is cut out; casual, defensive kicking is at a discount, and the ball has more air—a big difference from the spectator's point of view. Against this, the Union argument is that the game is made too strenuous for weekend footballers to stand up to the pace.

"We cut adrift from Union," Anderton tells, "on a matter of broken time. We in the North wanted to compensate players for loss of wages when travelling to play away matches, and Union would not sanction payment. . . ." The split occurred in 1895, when twenty clubs decided to form a separate body.

The Crowds Flock In

In England today, Rugby League belongs to three counties—Lancashire, Yorkshire and Cumberland. There is a minor league in Wales, and an amateur club in London at Streatham. It is also played in New Zealand, France and two states of Australia.

Save in cities like Bradford, Hull and Leeds, Rugby League really belongs to towns that cannot support a professional soccer team, but are large enough to put up a useful "gate." And these Rugby League gates are often disproportionate to the town's size. Featherstone, with a population of 14,952, averages 5,000. But Wigan's gates exceed 20,000 out of a population of 85,357. Over 35,000 turned up to watch the Wigan versus Warrington match this season.

Rugby League supporters have a way of making themselves felt. Of the 95,000 who fill Wembley Stadium for the R.L. Cup Final on the first Saturday in May, 70,000 come from the North. They are true followers in the sense that they are prepared to travel, and northern transport authorities know this well enough when forecasting for the weekend needs of massed supporters moving from one town to another.

When St. Helens, known popularly as the "Saints," went to Halifax for the first round of the Cup this year, over 12,000 of St. Helens's population of 106,793 followed their team in buses, coaches and charabancs. Possibly one of these was the man who, as a little boy twenty years ago, was taken to church by his mother. In stained glass on the windows were the twelve apostles.

"Who are they?" the boy asked. "The Saints," his mother told him. The boy looked round puzzled. Then he said: "Which is Alf Ellaby?"—the "Saints'" internationally famous wing three-quarter.

A boy is usually born to Rugby League, in or around the twenty-nine hotbeds, where the only chance a game like soccer has is on a parish green after Sunday school. Like the young St. Helens supporter, R. F. Anderton was born to follow a side. He comes from Warrington (pop. 79,322), runners up last season and winners this season of the Northern Rugby Football League.

In school Anderton played R.L., and off the field, like every other normal Warrington boy, he followed his team's fortunes, devoutly and earnestly. He discussed subjects like tries and converted tries, kicks and drop-kicks, place-kicks, free-kicks, scrums, passes, penalties and knock-ons, tackles, goals, referees and choice of ends. He still remembers Fish, Isherwood, Dickenson and Harris, "one of the greatest three-quarter lines."

When the first World War put an end to his active participation in the game, Anderton began the work for which he is best known in R.L. circles today—as an honorary official: secretary of the Warrington F.C. from 1919 until it was formed into a limited company in 1943; member of the Lancashire County R.L., its honorary secretary and treasurer for ten years and later its chairman; councillor of the R.L. Council since 1930 and chairman from 1942 to 1945; member of the Northern R.L. Management Committee, the R.L. Finance Committee, the Warrington P.T. and Gymnasium Committee, the Warrington Youth Committee, the Lancashire County R.L. Referees Society, and the Central Council of Physical Recreation.

Spreading The Gospel

Anderton is a missionary devoted to the propagation of the League gospel. The record of his work includes lectures to 268 audiences on the subject, and exhibitions of his R.L. film before 100,000 people. To the inmates of Walton Jail, Liverpool, he once began: "Well, friends, I am now about to start on a tour of Australia and New Zealand with the Rugby League team." And a prisoner jumped up in the back row and shouted back: "I wish to goodness I was coming with you."

In its particular setting, Rugby League has developed into a clean, lusty, good-humoured game of the North. It provides the pace and spirit for the story of Ponty Thomas, the fourteen-stone Warrington player who collided full on with a Hull Kingston Rover, both clocking out on the field. Stretcher-bearers and first-aid men rushed to the spot. But Thomas was the first to revive, and,

seeing the other player being dosed with brandy, snatched at the bottle. "Keep that for the living," he said. "Not for the dead."

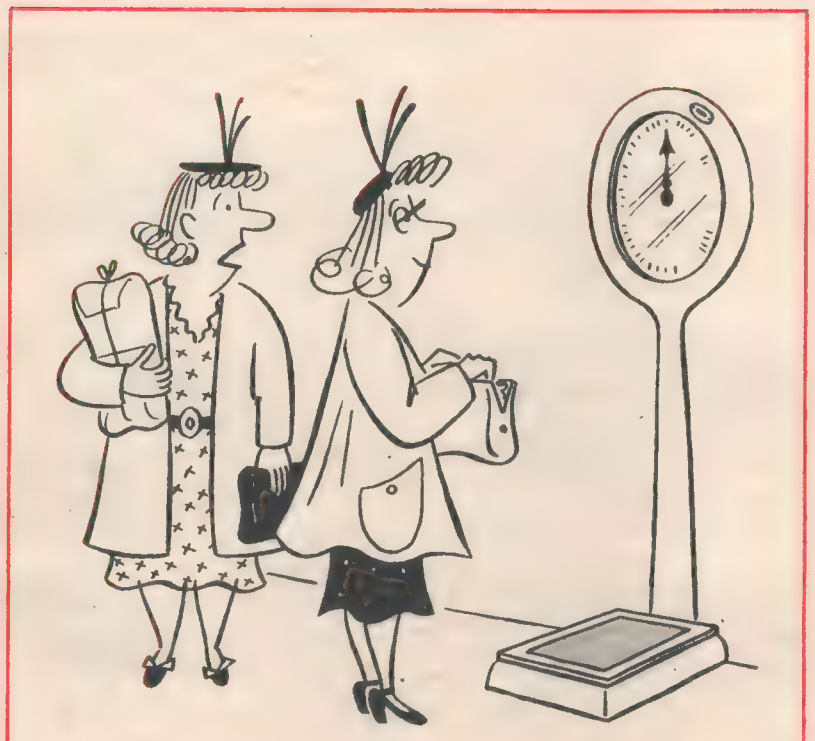
Difference in gates accounts for the obvious contrast between soccer and Rugby professionalism. The Rugby pro is seldom more than a part-time star, holding down an ordinary job during the day, and paid by the match, not weekly as in Association football.

Payment varies with clubs. None pays less than £5 for a win. With clubs like Warrington, Wigan or Bradford Northern, it is around £5 for a lost game and £8 for a win. A bonus often accompanies a success; one club once paid a winning bonus of £23 for Lancashire Cup and Challenge Cup Finals, plus £7 win money. Big team pros average from £400 to £500 a year out of Rugby, to which, of course, is added their normal wages.

Battle For New Stars

Recruitment is through the ranks of school leagues, continuation, intermediate and junior leagues, after which the competition for a promising young player begins to stiffen. Signing-on fees of £1,000 are not exceptional. There is also a transfer system, similar to Association football. The highest transfer fee so far is £4,600—paid by Warrington for Albert Naughton, a Widnes draughtsman.

Many famous Union internationals have come over to League to play Rugby for a living. Perhaps the most notable invasion of R.L. professional ranks has come from "Down Under." There was Bill Shankland, one of the best of the Australians, who turned golfer after his R.L. career with Warrington and raised over £217,000 playing golf matches for charity. Warrington's champion try-scorer, Brian Bevan, and Harry Bath are Australians; as are Leeds's Bert Cook and Arthur Clues; and Huddersfield's Johnny Hunter, Pat Devary and Lionel Cooper. Wigan's Ces Mountford and Brian Nordren are New Zealanders. Most of these men have come for signing-on fees up to £3,000.



"Please, Anne—let's not spoil a lovely afternoon!"

If being capped for Britain is a League player's golden award, to be picked for the Australian tour, every fourth year, for five-and-a-half months during our off season, is as good as gilding that, too.

The British team plays three Test matches, two in Sydney and one in Brisbane, with an additional eighteen matches in Australia and eight in New Zealand.

This year's British team with thirteen reserves and two managers was chosen out of a list of ninety-eight possibles, and selectors travelled to Southport, to be away from the enthusiasts to choose it. They worked overnight. The vital list was announced at 10 a.m. on March 2.

Financially, the tour will mean the payment of £3 a week to each player selected, plus £3 a week paid to his dependants, with 10s. for each child, and a share of forty per cent of the trip's profits—around £200 each. All his tour expenses will be paid. He will be given a blazer with a badge on the pocket, a soft hat, grey pullover and slacks to match.

Anderton's best Rugby stories are of his two Australian tours, accompanying British teams as business manager. "We couldn't have been made more welcome," he says, producing souvenir programmes of receptions, gilt-edged menus of banquets. At Cairns, 2,000 miles north of Sydney, the mayor told Anderton that the schoolteachers had been working overtime on English history and geography just before the British team's visit. That morning a small boy had announced: "Mr. Mayor, I see the angry Saxons have arrived."

"We've sent them some great players," Anderton reflects. "What about Jonathan Parkin, the scrum half of Wakefield Trinity? Night before final Test match he goes to team manager, Harry Dannett of Hull. 'Harry,' he says. 'I can't play tomorrow. I can hardly walk.' 'But you are going to play.' Harry told him. 'And I don't want you to walk—try running for a change.'" Parkin did play—well enough for Britain to win the Ashes.

Make A Day Of It

In Sydney, Test matches are played on the cricket ground, and the crowds start queueing at 6 a.m. They come with lunch baskets, prepared to make a day of it, and as many as four R.L. grade matches are played before the kick-off at three in the afternoon.

Australians cheer and barrack with the same good humour. Once a British player was sent off the field for what looked like a very vigorous tackle. As he left, the band at the side of the pitch played "Good night Sweetheart." "We adopted the tune that year," Anderton tells, "and sang our own words to it as our ship moved away from the quay."

Undoubtedly our best captain was Jim Sullivan of Wigan, the greatest R.L. full back who has ever lived, and a kicker who averaged over 100 goals a season for fifteen seasons. "This happened at a Test match in Sydney," Anderton remembers. "72,504 people had paid to see Jim Sullivan kick, and Jim kicked, and a cheer rose that could have been the mightiest that ever went up from Australia. 'What happened?' asked a short man behind us. 'Sullivan's kicked a goal,' he was told. 'Blimey,' the little man said. 'I thought he'd missed one.'" THE END

QUEEN OF ETIQUETTE

Continued from page 9

questions still come in that I have never answered before."

One letter brought this problem for her to solve: "Dear Emily, about two weeks ago my gentleman friend was sent to jail. I expect to visit him soon. When I go to see him shall I (*a*) dress in black like he was dead, have a long face and cry profusely, or (*b*) shall I dress very gay, laugh and smile a lot as if I didn't care and have other gentlemen friends?" Dear Emily advised solution (*b*).

Mrs. Post keeps three secretaries busy trying to cope with the 5,000 letters she receives each week.

Two-thirds of the queries can be answered by printed slips covering recurring subjects. Each June, for instance, she can count on receiving some 12,000 inquiries about correct wedding arrangements. She likes to tell of the one time she was stumped on a point concerning a wedding gift. She went to Tiffany's, the swank New York jewellers to check on it. The elegant assistant reached up to a shelf behind him to consult his precious volume of *Etiquette*—written by Mrs. Post, of course. Since then she has solved her own problems.

Men, as well as women, bombard her with letters. "How can I go to bed when company stays too long?" is a frequent query she gets from husbands. Her answer: "It would be tactful for your wife to murmur, 'John has to get up *so* early in the morning.'"

The fact is, she seems to take sides with men against their wives. "Why can't I have my peas on a separate plate, if I like, and eat them with a spoon?" one man asked. "Do it," said Emily, "by all means."

At the same time, she insists that parents must never disagree in the presence of their children. "Father told me to jump down the well," a child complains to his mother. "Then," the mother should say, according to Emily, "you must do it." Later, in privacy, mum can give dad the works for giving such a ridiculous command.

As Mrs. Post became increasingly a national figure it was only to be expected that she should come in for her share of ridicule. She laughs this off and has even made a collection of cartoons and jokes about herself. In a slightly more serious vein, she insists that she has never known an embarrassing moment.

A couple of years ago she slipped down a flight of stairs and sprained her ankle. Friends rushed to her assistance. As they lifted her up she bowed graciously. "Thank heavens I didn't throw up," she said. "What's more, I kept my hat on straight the whole time."

Mrs. Post's favourite colour is red; friends say it expresses her vivid personality. She wears red dresses, red shoes, red jewellery and her eyeglasses have red frames.

"Why, Emily," a friend once remarked, "I can see your bright red lipstick from right down the path."

"Of course you can," Mrs. Post replied. "That's why I put it on."

Once a smartly dressed young woman was leaving a smart luncheon party and found it snowing outside with no taxi procurable. An elegant fellow-guest who had already hailed a cab offered her a lift. The young woman accepted gratefully but was annoyed to find she had no change with which to pay her share of the fare.

"I wonder what Emily Post would do in a situation like this?" she fretted.

"Exactly as I shall do," her companion said. "I invited you, so I shall, of course, pay the fare. You see, I *am* Emily Post." THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE *by ROFFE THOMPSON*

Think before you leap

THE old hint, "Sleep on a knotty problem," has a solid foundation in fact. Thought, conscious or unconscious, needs Time to achieve results. We should recognize this, and co-operate with Time intelligently.

"An idea seldom takes the fortress of the mind by storm, however violent the attacks," wrote a psychologist. "Rather, it must have time to sink in, as a gentle rain sinks into the earth." We can translate this into practical advice. If you don't succeed, wait a bit before you try again. Give Time, a stout ally, a chance to sort out your ideas.

By no means shirk your problems—but don't rush at them.

VOYAGE OF THE GILCA (4) *by Captain "MICK" JENNINGS*

The last terrible lap

Captain Jennings

Captain Jennings concludes his amazing true story of an ocean adventure. With an army companion, Hall, he set sail in 1942 from Jap-threatened Enggano, off Sumatra, in a dinghy. Their destination was Australia, 1,500 miles across the sea, but storms made them change course for Java. For weeks they alternately starved and gorged themselves on sea-gulls which they shot or grabbed as the birds perched on their craft. Emaciated and exhausted, they could not hold out much longer. And still no land in sight!

THE STORM PETERED OUT about July 20, our eighty-first day at sea. My estimate of ten days to Java was apparently far out but still I plotted our course "that should have been," and each day's sailing was recorded on the chart and in our log-book.

The gulls were becoming much scarcer now; one in three days was our average catch. Our beards and hair were longer. We were horribly thin, and next to food our great desire was sleep. It seemed that we had practically annihilated the local gulls, but we were interested in two very small birds, black in colour, both of which appeared too timid to land. These birds were the cause of the only real friction that Hall and I had on the boat, and it happened thus.

We had had nothing to eat for two days and a rainstorm had overtaken us. Baling the boat dry several times, we were finally able to fill our water tank again. Once more in the cold, wet and hungry state to which we had become so accustomed, we waited for the passing of the storm; and just as the sun broke through the clouds we saw our two friends "the black birds." Without any hesitation they landed, one on the after perch, the other on the bowsprit.

Waiting until Hall got the sail down and clambered under it, I grabbed the bird on the perch apparently a second or two before Hall was ready. It was a case of mistiming, and as soon as my bird started to scream, Hall's took fright and flew off.

Keeping in mind how we had made our big catches, I held the screaming gull on the perch in the hope that its mate would come to see what was wrong with it. The system did not work this time, and for an hour Hall and I said some very unkind things about each other, so unkind that for quite a while afterwards neither of us spoke; we sat facing one another in the

Illustrated by Arthur Seabright

There was no dodging the huge wave. With a warning yell to Hall, I plunged into the water

cockpit, each staring with baleful, bloodshot, angry eyes at the other's bearded face and emaciated body. My mind was very busy reading into Hall's unkind words far worse things than had been intended.

My gorge rose when I considered the "insults" he had poured upon me about wrongs, fancied and invented. I was even accused of implying that I had sufficient knowledge to sail the *Queen Mary*, and yet here I had lured my companion into the Indian Ocean in a small boat which I was incapable of handling!

As Hall started again, I came to a decision. Without speaking, I put my right hand behind me, my fingers closing over the haft of the axe we had in the boat.

Hall saw what I was trying to do and pounced on top of me, and, with his extra weight, bore me down on the seat, while his fingers tightened steadily around my throat. We stared into each other's eyes, this time at very much closer range.

Panting and gasping, I released my hold of the axe, and just then, as though the storm was giving its last dying kick, *Gilca* shipped a wave, drenching both of us. Hall immediately let go of my throat; we automatically picked up the baling tins, and, in an ashamed silence, we began to get the boat dry.

When this was accomplished, we both apologized for our actions and shook hands, sinking our differences while eating the smallest bird we had ever caught. I doubt if it was as big as a thrush, and, hungry as we were, it made us feel ashamed to have killed it, as the quantity of meat was so small that it was hardly worth skinning. We called that feed our psychological meal.

On August 1, Bank Holiday, we fortunately caught an adult seagull and the other small black bird. The next day dawned with hardly a ripple on the ocean and not a breath of wind to fill the slatting sail.

The sun climbed the heavens while we searched vainly for sight of land or a bird, but never again did a seagull land on our boat, nor did we even see one. In all, we had eaten some sixty of these sea birds, and to them we undoubtedly owe our lives.

Hall Read From Bible

The seventh consecutive day of starvation came, and at 2 p.m. Hall dragged the tattered, water-soaked Bible from his haversack and began to read. I was much interested, for there was something about food; and, oddly, I saw tables full of it with people standing by just to hand one any delicacy one desired.

Then someone said, "Here endeth the reading of the Lord's holy word." Lifting my head from the blanket, I saw Hall's unlovely face and realized I had been dreaming.

My companion was restoring the Bible to his haversack when a thought came to me. Help had been given us before when we had difficulty with the mast and were in great danger. We had asked God's help and it had been given—well, what were we waiting for?

It is necessary that I should stress the fact that we were neither Bible- nor Church-conscious. We had read the Bible merely because there was nothing else to read. Had it been eatable we should have eaten it, St. Paul and all. We were ordinary, matter-of-fact people in an extraordinary position; we were at the end of our tether; and I am convinced we could not possibly have lasted another three days.

We knelt, and I prayed wholeheartedly, and straight to the point: "Please, God, give us food and give it quickly, and send us a sign so that we may know we shall be saved from the sea."

In cold print this looks rather silly and stupid, but my companion and I, through our previous experience with the mast, had complete faith in the power of prayer. So, as soon as I had finished praying, we looked round for the food.

The day passed slowly by and night began to fall. Something was wrong somewhere; God had not let us down before, but He seemed to be slipping a bit this time, or else I had not said enough in my prayer. I eventually amplified it, and felt more satisfied.

Nightmares About Food

With night came the torments of hell. Nightmares of those food-laden tables disturbed my mind, and low moans from my companion told me that he, too, was being tortured by similar dreams.

At long last, dawn came and the sun rose on our hundredth day at sea. I crawled off my bed and stood by the mast, searching the horizon thoroughly, but it was in vain. I turned, and was about to go back to my bed, when, between the coils of our sea anchor rope, I espied a fish about nine inches long.

Picking it up, I found it was partially decomposed. It was a flying fish that had apparently hit the sail a couple of days ago, and dropped back into the boat without our having seen it. Rotten though it was, we shared it, and then I went forward again, searching under the rope, hoping there might be more.

We discarded the theory that the rotten flying fish might be the "sign" because it had obviously been there before our supplication. Admitting to each other that we really were a couple of wasters, we concluded that God was patiently trying us out and giving us hell, and when He thought we'd been grilled sufficiently the food would be sent.

I spent the whole morning looking for land, seated up forward—if one can get forward in a boat seventeen feet long. At about eleven-thirty Hall came clambering to where I was sitting and, with parted lips and shining eyes, excitement written all over his face, he said in a tense whisper: "Skipper, at the back of the boat is a tortoise, like one of those things you have in the garden."

Realizing he meant a turtle, I got off the thwart and quietly, and as quickly as possible, we went aft, four very bony legs clambering over beds and into the tiller cockpit. And, as though the thing was imperceptible to anyone but himself, Hall was pointing at a turtle within a yard of the rudder, saying in a soft voice: "It's there, Skip; it's there!"

It was quite a homely looking creature, but, not knowing how turtles reacted to human beings, I was afraid it might dive beyond our reach if I spoke aloud, so I contented myself with a quiet "O.K., Jack; let's get it," meanwhile wondering what damage the thing might do to our hands with its parrot-like beak.

Caution did not deter us, Hall taking the right-hand and I the left-hand flipper or claw, or whatever the foreleg of a turtle is called. In two shakes an eighteen-inch turtle was lying on its back in the bilge—according to the more theoretical knowledge I had absorbed, this was the orthodox manner in which turtles were killed.

After five long minutes the turtle seemed as lively as ever, and as we could not wait any longer we condemned it to execution. With one blow of the axe Hall beheaded it, and then began chopping out the belly skin with the axe. He got the "lid" off and exposed a quantity of grey spongy matter. The liver and other oddments we consumed immediately, but the grey "meat" we rationed, considering it should last for two full days, though we could easily have eaten the lot there and then.

Wiping our bearded mouths and reluctantly putting away the rationed portion, I said: "Well, Jack, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the turtle is the sign; it's as clear as if God had stepped into the boat and told us so personally."

The End Seemed Near

A favourable wind sprang up, and for two days *Gilca* made good headway along her north-eastern course, but still no land was to be seen.

We had no food, but plenty of rusty-coloured water. How long could one hold out on water alone? There could be no answer. Again silence reigned between us and we sat just staring and hoping, while *Gilca* sailed lazily onwards across a sea of burnished gold.

The end seemed near, and, in contrast to a fevered body, it seemed an ice-cold calculator had replaced my brain, and this new contraption was detached and placed just out of reach above my head. Nothing mattered; I was above such mundane things as eating; I was incapable of feeling. It seemed as if my body was no thicker than a piece of cardboard, furnished with glazed, movable eyes imparting to my mind a flat vision.

Only during times of sleep would the horrible bogey of food obtrude, and my trembling hands would reach towards the dream food. Then the fantasy would recede beyond my grasp, leaving me in an agony of despair; and I would wake up to sit and stare at my bony legs or at the golden sea.

A Mugful Of Barnacles

Once, while looking over the side watching beautiful fish gliding beneath the boat, I noticed several barnacles on the water-line. Here was a discovery of far more moment to us than a Klondike or a Kimberley. We reached down into the water and cleared as many barnacles as we could; about half a mugful.

They looked rather like whelks, and as we pulled them off the boat-side a blob of grey camouflage paint came with them. Devouring them, we crunched shells and paint. They proved most sustaining, though we did wonder what the crunched-up shells would do to our intestines.

August, 1942, was drawing to its close, and we had now been at sea 123 days. It almost seemed that land was a myth, that this really was an ocean without shores, and that the whole of our lives had been lived together in this little boat sailing everywhere but nowhere.

The following morning we received a tremendous thrill, for away on the horizon we saw a sail and immedi-

The *Gilca*'s voyage—as planned, and (inset map) as it turned out. The starting point was Enggano; the finishing point, Pulau Bayar

ately altered course directly for it. It was sailing in the opposite direction to us, and seemed to be sheering away. Our poor old *Gilca* with her tattered sail could not hope to outsail the stranger with her beautiful spread of canvas, so we lowered our sail quickly three times, then slowly three times, and again quickly three times, giving the S.O.S. signal, but she took no notice of us and finally disappeared over the horizon.

Rather than risk drifting, we put our sea anchor rope over the side and waited. Towards evening the phantom craft came back, and again we signalled her in vain.

Early the next morning, we watched the sun's golden rays creeping steadily up behind a cloud, and lo! the cloud became a mountain, towering thousands of feet into an azure sky. We were spellbound.

Land! Land meant food and food meant life. The sun climbed higher and revealed dark blotches that could be nothing but trees. Wild, excited jabbering broke out between us as we tried to point out things to each other. It was land; we could see it; there could be no mistake about that great mountain. Yet, as we stared, the vision vanished, leaving *Gilca* on the unbroken sea.

We knew we had not been the victims of hallucinations; for a while the land had been amazingly clear. The knowledge was confirmed as we tried to pull in the rope anchor, only to find it had become fast on the sea bottom. With the hammer we brayed the rope on the gunwale, as we had not the strength to untie the knots which made it fast round the thwart and mast.

Pleaded With Fishermen

About 9.30 a.m. our boat was once more mobile, and with a fair wind *Gilca* made towards the hidden shore, which gradually revealed itself as we approached. What a wonderful sight was that land to our sea-weary eyes. We tried hard to remember the name of the volcano on the island of Bali, and we spoke of the good time we might have there, if only the Japanese were not in occupation.

At midday we overhauled a small fishing boat, lying low in the water, and, as we came alongside, I asked the two occupants for food. One of them handed me a bunch of nine bananas, which we divided forthwith. Hall skinned and ate his share quickly, throwing the skins into the sea, while I ate fruit and skins as well. Seeing this, my companion cursed himself for every kind of fool.

I then asked our providers for some fish, and a small fish some three inches long (apparently being used as bait) was reluctantly given me, which I handed to my companion. This, of course, he immediately consumed; while I was asking, nay, pleading, for another.

But the Malays did not seem anxious to part with another fish, and it was only after more pleading, plus the offer of a pair of ammunition boots, that I was given one slightly smaller, and then only after some muttered conversation between the two. The offer of the boots was refused and we were advised to sail for an island we could see some fifteen miles away, upon which stood a long, slender lighthouse.

The Malays informed us that it was uninhabited at the moment, that it was named Tikus (Rat) Island, and that there were plenty of stores in the building. Seeing there was no possibility of obtaining any further food from these people, I glanced at the coastline and, perceiving a town of considerable size, inquired what its name might be.

I was informed the town was Bencoolen. A horrible sinking feeling occurred at the pit of my stomach, and I asked if it was really Bencoolen, Sumatra. They affirmed that it was and that the Japanese were in control.

Glad though I was to see land, almost any town would have been preferable to this one. Bencoolen, only one hundred and twenty miles away from Enggano, the island from which we had begun our voyage on that far-off day, May 1! We had accomplished one hundred and twenty miles in one hundred and twenty-five days. Surely an unbeatable record!

What a couple of fools we should be thought when taken into a prison camp. It was heartbreaking to think that after all our efforts we had achieved so little, and in the doing of it reduced our bodies to just skin and bone.

We Made For Shore

In the distance the shore appeared to project far into the sea, so that we were sailing into a kind of bay. Later we found that the land we were running parallel to was an island and the imagined bay was miles away, and it was doubtful if we could make it before dark. We thereupon decided to put in to the island and swung *Gilca's* bows round towards the shore.

On both the port and starboard sides fairly heavy breakers were running, but 250 yards straight ahead was an area completely clear of them, and into the centre of these calm waters we sailed our splendid little craft, Hall steering and I conning the boat in.

About half a mile from the shore I turned to speak to Hall, and was amazed to see a wall of water some twenty feet high rearing up behind us. I had just time to shout "Look out, Jack," when the water fell—fortunately for us, some three feet from our boat, the force of the breaker carrying us shorewards at a terrific pace.

With a grin on my face I was about to say "This is the stuff—being speeded shorewards by breakers," but on turning was horrified to see another wall of water curling right over us.

There was no dodging this one and, with a yell to Hall, I went into the water. My lungs felt ready to burst as I rose to the surface, only to see another monster breaker towering high above me. I had just time to take a deep breath, and dived again, because I knew that if that tremendous mass of water fell on me it would probably break my neck.

No Sign Of Hall

Again I came to the surface, to see a piece of *Gilca* false freeboard floating past me. Clutching it, I looked round for Hall, but saw no sign of him. Our craft had been smashed completely, and I was alone among the breakers, a quarter of a mile from the beach.

Swimming harder than I had ever done in my life, I tried to get as far shorewards as I could before being compelled to dive in order to miss the next breaker. Releasing my hold on the plank prior to diving, it became obvious that I was making little headway because no sooner was I under the water than the under-tow caused me to spin like a catherine-wheel, head over heels, and when I came again to the surface my plank had disappeared.

I was afraid of becoming completely exhausted. Diving again, I felt a stinging pain in my leg. I thought sharks would not live in such stormy water, so I had no fear on that account. Putting out my hands, I gripped a rock, a pinnacle of coral, to which I clung: and I found I could put my head above the surface of the sea.

Struggled On Again

For five minutes or more I clung to it, not daring to let go. I waited until my breathing became fairly normal. Then at what seemed a favourable opportunity I stepped forward, found no bottom, and started swimming shorewards as fast as I could.

Again I barked my shins on rock, but the pool had been crossed, and again my grip tightened on the coral to prevent my being swept out to sea. There was still no sign of Hall, and I cried aloud to God to save him, but even as I spoke I felt that my unfortunate companion had not the slightest hope in that angry turmoil.

Even for a man who could swim, the odds were twenty to one against, and more so for anyone in our physical condition.

I was bleeding freely where my body had come in contact with the coral, and, half drowned, I clung to the submerged rock, trying to regain my breath and energy.

Summoning all my courage, I made another effort shorewards. I seemed unable to make any progress, due, I presumed, to the undertow. I glanced towards the shore to judge the distance still to be covered. Of the many miracles which had been vouchsafed us, here was the greatest: for there staggering about on the beach was Jackson Hall!

When I put up my hand to let him know I was getting along all right, he cupped his hands round his mouth and was apparently trying to tell me something; but owing to the roar of the surf and the water in my ears, I could not make out a word of what he was trying to say. Nevertheless, the mere sight of him made the blood surge through my veins with happiness and gratitude.

Struggling farther in the direction of the beach, half swimming, half walking, I halted again for a rest. Looking shorewards, I heard Hall shouting, and this time the words came faintly, but I grasped his message, which was: "Crawl, Skipper, crawl!"

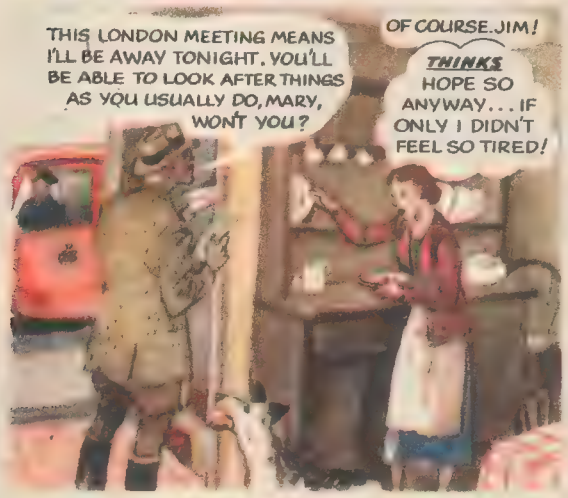
Only then did I realize what was wrong with me. Not having been used for so long, my legs were not strong enough to carry the weight of my body. So down I went on my knees, head under water, and crawled along on the bottom, coming up only for occasional breaths, and, when I was some twenty yards from shore, Hall staggered into the water and helped me to the sandy beach.

He, too, I noticed, was bleeding where he had caught the coral, but his smiling face and shining eyes showed me that none of his wounds were serious. Here was the end of the grade. We'd made it—but only just.

THE END

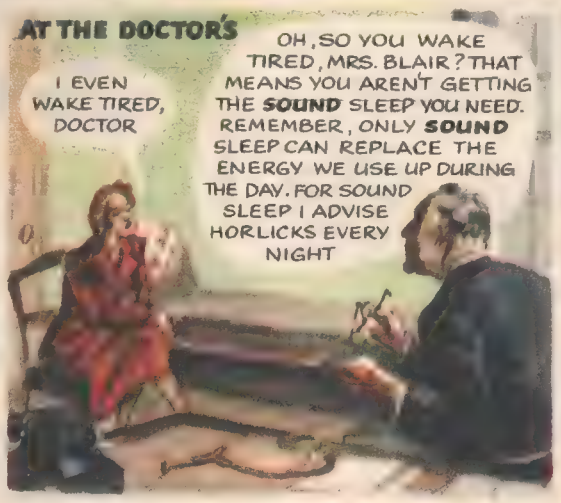
As, in his home near Leeds, Jackson Hall reads his Mention in Despatches for Army service, he recalls the 125 days on the *Gilca* with Jennings—the "extraordinary experience of two matter-of-fact people"

POSTSCRIPT: *The point where Jennings and Hall landed was Pulau Bayar. After a friendly reception from Malays they were escorted to Bencoolen, five miles away on the mainland of Sumatra, and handed over to the Japanese. . . . "An Ocean Without Shores," the full-length book by Captain "Mick" Jennings, from which the story of the "Gilca's" voyage is extracted, will be published in June by Hodder and Stoughton at 12s. 6d.*


THIS LONDON MEETING MEANS I'LL BE AWAY TONIGHT. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LOOK AFTER THINGS AS YOU USUALLY DO, MARY, WON'T YOU?
OF COURSE, JIM!
THINKS HOPE SO ANYWAY... IF ONLY I DIDN'T FEEL SO TIRED!

I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW, DARLING. OH, YOU MIGHT POP INTO THE STABLE AND LOOK AT SALLY LAST THING TONIGHT – SHE SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT, THOUGH
YES, I WILL, DEAR
THINKS HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG... DON'T FEEL UP TO DEALING WITH A CRISIS

BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU FETCH THE VET? IT'S SO UNLIKE YOU NOT TO HAVE DONE SOMETHING!
OH, JIM. I-I'M SO SORRY. BUT I'VE BEEN FEELING WASHED-OUT FOR DAYS AND THE THOUGHT OF THAT JOURNEY WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME... YES, I WILL GO AND SEE THE DOCTOR


AT THE DOCTOR'S
I EVEN WAKE TIRED, DOCTOR
OH, SO YOU WAKE TIRED, MRS. BLAIR? THAT MEANS YOU AREN'T GETTING THE SOUND SLEEP YOU NEED. REMEMBER, ONLY SOUND SLEEP CAN REPLACE THE ENERGY WE USE UP DURING THE DAY. FOR SOUND SLEEP I ADVISE HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

SOME TIME LATER
MARY, HERE'S A PRETTY PICKLE! RIGHT IN THE LAMBING SEASON, AND BERT AND HARRY BOTH SICK! I CAN'T DO EVERYTHING SINGLE-HANDED
WHY, I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, JIM!

I FELT SO GUILTY ABOUT SALLY– IT WAS LUCKY SHE DIDN'T DIE. IF ONLY I HAD FETCHED THE VET– BUT I FELT SO TIRED ALL THE TIME – A LONG NIGHT'S SLEEP DIDN'T SEEM TO REFRESH ME. I EVEN WOKE TIRED. THE DOCTOR TOLD ME HOW IMPORTANT THE RIGHT KIND OF SLEEP WAS . . . **SOUND** SLEEP! HE ADVISED HORLICKS. WELL, I TRIED IT – AND THE RESULTS AMAZED ME. I CAN KEEP GOING ALL DAY NOW, AND I'M ABLE TO HELP JIM A LOT, AS A FARMER'S WIFE SHOULD

HORLICKS

THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

Continued from page 11

peppering the worn hall carpet. Miss Grimstead was very angry. He looked thoughtfully down at the bunched bit of knitted wool concealing the lozenge-shaped spectacles. If they had been on the outside of the thing it was conceivable that they could have fallen off as the little guy staggered out into the fresh air. But they were folded up on the inside.

He looked at the grey, pinched face. Mr. Pinkerton's eyes were closed. Dan bent over him and had just put his hand out to touch what looked like a good-sized lump on the side of Mr. Pinkerton's head when he started at the sound of a voice behind him. "What seems to be the trouble here?"

It was not the voice that was startling, but the approach, which had been silent and very prompt, and must have been by foot up the stairs; the lift had not come up.

He looked round. Mr. Sidney Copeland was a precise, middle-aged man, clean and antiseptic-looking, pleasant on the whole, or looking as if he might be under other circumstances.

"I found him out on the balcony. It looks to me like somebody's conked him on the bean."

Mr. Copeland put his fingers on Mr. Pinkerton's wrist, passed his hand delicately over the swollen area at the side of his head, lifted up his eyelids and let them close.

"Should he go to the hospital?"

Copeland spoke with composed deliberateness. "Possibly. He seems to have got rather a nasty crack. It's best to leave him here until he regains consciousness. His pulse is retarded, but it's reasonably strong."

Mr. Copeland, Dan thought, was at least reasonably casual.

"You found him out on the balcony?"

"Right."

"And . . . you think somebody had—er—conked him on the bean? I presume you know what you're saying? Isn't it conceivable he may have fallen and struck his head?"

All right, McGrath. Why don't you show him the spectacles folded up inside the rug and see what he says to that? Dan wondered. It was the normal thing to do. But as the surgeon moved over to look out on to the ledge, the rigid lines of his back were even more sceptical, and to Dan even more positively offensive, than the brief smile that had been on his lips. When he turned back from the window he regarded Dan with open amusement.

"Isn't it simpler to assume he walked up the stairs, and, feeling a bit faint, went directly out for a breath of air? Had a touch of vertigo, stumbled and struck his head on the pipe? I believe in your country, Mr.—McGrath, is it? —it's fairly common to find people conked on the bean, as you put it. You're in England now, Mr. McGrath. However, I was already aware you're a young man who enjoys making mysteries without regard to the feelings of the people they presumably affect."

Dan stared at him. "What. . . ? Sorry; I don't get it, sir. What mysteries am I supposed to have made around here?"

The sudden angry light that kindled in the surgeon's brown eyes was a startling change from his precise and passionless detachment.

"You're the American who was making inquiries of this man." He jerked his hand towards Mr. Pinkerton on the couch, who was stirring a little, his breath coming more easily. "Over the road this afternoon. Are you not?"

Dan stared with blank incredulity.

"I have no idea what your game is, Mr. McGrath, but if you'll take my advice you'll clear out of here. And if Scott Winship is in London, and has even a shred of decency left in him, Miss Caroline Winship's solicitors will be very glad to hear from him. You may tell him that Miss Winship expressly forbids him to attempt to communicate with his daughter, either in person or through you. She's left London and isn't expected back for some time. If it's money he wants——"

Dan took a step forward. "Wait a minute."

"We've waited long enough, Mr. McGrath. Tell him that so far as the family is concerned he is dead and buried. His daughter thinks so, and she is to continue to think so. So far as all of us are concerned, Scott Winship is dead."

He moved abruptly over to his patient. "I know a hospital nurse—Mrs. Beckwith—I can get to come and spend the night with him till his own medical man can make arrangements. If he wakes and complains of a headache give him some aspirin. Nothing else. Keep him quiet till she gets here."

At the door Sidney Copeland turned back. "Miss Grimstead tells me you plan to call the police. You'll find Scott Winship would much prefer the police to be left out of it. Good night, Mr. McGrath."

DAN MCGRATH stood motionless in the shabby room, listening to the surgeon's footsteps rapidly going down the stairs. He said slowly: "Well, I'll be quadruply damned."

He turned and looked at Mr. Pinkerton. He was lying there, his eyes open, staring blankly up at the ceiling. Dan went over. "Hi, there," he said gently. "How're you coming, old timer?"

"I'm coming all right," Mr. Pinkerton managed to say. He moved his hand up to his scrawny throat.

"They choke you, too?"

Mr. Pinkerton tried to nod his head, but the movement made him wince with pain. "Did—did they break my spectacles?" he whispered. "I'm afraid I can't see without them. I've only got the one pair."

"Half a minute."

Dan's jaw was tight with hard, white ridges along it as he lifted the rug and released the spectacles from the woollen strands. He polished the lenses with his handkerchief and put them into Mr. Pinkerton's hands.

"There you are. They got caught in this cover thing."

Mr. Pinkerton put them on and blinked up at him. "You—you're very kind," he said. It hurt him to try to move his vocal chords, but something in his heart hurt worse. "I'm . . . ever so sorry," he whispered. "It's all my fault. I heard what the man said. She's gone, hasn't she?"

"I'm beginning to gather so."

"And you—you don't care?" Mr. Pinkerton tried to raise himself, but the effort was too much.

You don't care? No answer sprang immediately to Dan's mind. If you could wait six years, you could wait a little longer. And Dan McGrath was angry. A cold, solid rage was burning quietly behind what seemed to the still-dazed little Welshman an impassive and deliberate stolidity.

"Mr. Pinkerton," he said quietly, "of course I care, but this happened to you because of me, someway. And they can't push us around like this. I care more about what happened to you just now. Feel well enough to tell me?"

The idea of anybody's caring what happened to him was a little startling to Mr. Pinkerton. He blinked rapidly. "Oh, it doesn't matter, really," he whispered hastily. "I—I'd just come upstairs. I hadn't meant to make any trouble. I thought Mrs. Winship was a widow. I just thought it would be nice if Mary didn't get sent off to Paris until after you'd seen her."

He tried feebly to think how to put all of it into some understandable form.

"I told the Winships you'd asked if Mary's father had come back, when Miss Caroline wanted to know who you were. They were upset, and I was upset, too, so I came up here and went out on the balcony. Then I heard somebody behind me in the room, and something black was over my head, and they were choking me. I thought they were going to throw me over the coping.

"Then I thought I heard a taxi horn and a crash, and that's all I remember till I heard that man telling you about Mary's father. That was Mr. Sidney Copeland, wasn't it? Miss Caroline Winship rang him up as soon as I'd got out of the flat and told him to come over. She thought you'd seen Mary's father. All I said was that you'd asked if he'd come home."

Dan McGrath listened in silence. He said then: "This is all as clear as—as English coffee, Mr. Pinkerton. But I know enough about one thing. I'm going to call the cops now."

Mr. Pinkerton forgot his aching throat and his nauseatingly throbbing head. "Oh, no!" he cried.

He stared wildly up at Dan McGrath, trying to find words. How could he explain something so very important and so intensely personal? Dan McGrath did not know about J. Humphrey Bull, Mr. Pinkerton's only other friend, his former lodger and now chief inspector of the C.I.D. Or, worse still, Sir Charles Debenham, the assistant commissioner.

Mr. Pinkerton, shuddering, almost forgot his throbbing head and aching throat. The last time he had got himself mixed up with crime, the assistant commissioner had been very severe.

He looked at Dan. "Please don't call the police," he said earnestly. "Miss Grimstead would be very much put out. It must have been a—a mistake of some kind. And you see, the—the assistant commissioner of Scotland Yard is—is sort of a friend of mine, and he told me to—to keep out of trouble."

HE trailed lamely off as Dan McGrath looked silently down at him with an expression of concern he could not keep off his face. If ever a little guy had been born that was not likely either to get into trouble or to know an assistant commissioner of New Scotland Yard, it was Mr. Pinkerton. Dan wondered, with anxiety, if the blow on the head could have done something to him. Head injuries were tricky.

He nodded reassuringly. "Sure. Anything you say, Mr. Pinkerton."

"Did—did her cousin come?" Mr. Pinkerton struggled out of a dazed silence.

"Didn't see him."

"I thought he'd come," Mr. Pinkerton shook his head painfully. "He said he wanted cash. I told him I'd let him have two hundred pounds, to—to see if he could stop her from going to Paris. I expect it wasn't easy enough."

Dan stirred uneasily. The little guy was really bats. He listened through the closed door into the hall, wishing the nurse would come, and drew a breath of relief as he heard the rap on the door. But it was not the nurse. It was Mason, the night porter, with a silver tray in his hand. On the tray was an envelope.

"For you, sir."

He peered round at Mr. Pinkerton, obviously distressed. "'E's coming round, sir, is 'e? Would 'e like a nice 'ot cup of tea, do you think?"

"I'm sure he would. Bring it, will you?"

Dan tore the envelope open, read the contents without surprise, and turned back to Mr. Pinkerton with a grin on his lean face. "The manageress presents her compliments to Mr. McGrath and would like him to get out of the boxroom, the sooner the quicker."

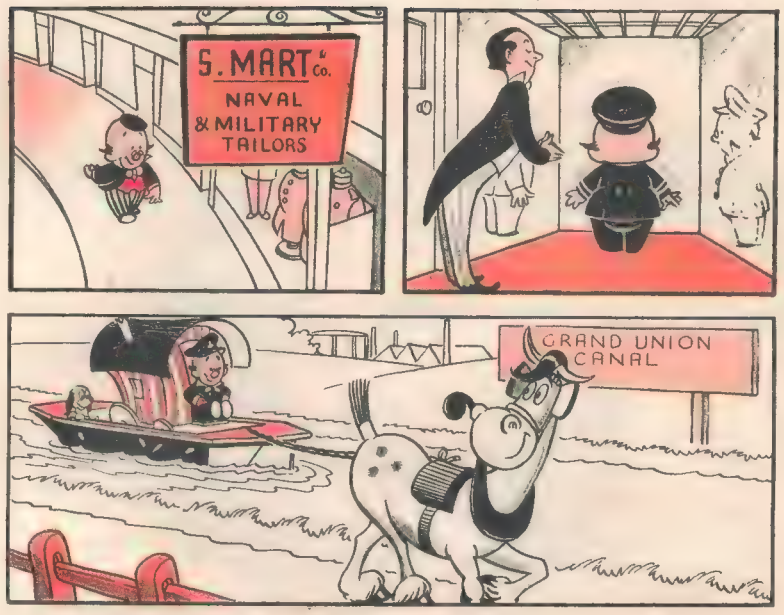
The grin disappeared from his face as Mr. Pinkerton drew himself up on the couch, blinking with sudden indignation. "You'll do nothing of the sort," he said heatedly. "I—I won't allow it. I own these flats. I—I won't permit it."

Humour them. Don't let them get excited. Never argue. Head injuries are really tricky.

"Sure," Dan said gravely. "They can't do this to us, Mr. Pinkerton."

He went over to the day bed, took the cover off, folded it and turned down the blanket. "We're here, Mr. Pinkerton, and we're going to stay. Now

MR. DIMPLE — *by David Hand*



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what about you getting your clothes off and climbing in? It's late and you've had a tough night.

He knelt down, wishing the nurse would come, unlaced Mr. Pinkerton's solid black boots and took them off. "Come on, now. Let's get you in bed. Then I'm going to give you some aspirin and you're going to sleep. I'm going to lock the window and lock the door, and you're going to stay right here till I get back."

Mr. Pinkerton managed to nod. "What . . . are you going to do? Are you going to—to the boat train?"

"Mr. Pinkerton, I'm going to call the Prime Minister and have him stop the boat train."

He meant it to be mildly funny, and had no way of knowing Mr. Pinkerton would not take it so.

"Good," Mr. Pinkerton said. "Good." He put his head gingerly down on the pillow and closed his eyes. He did so want McGrath to see Mary for the first time while she was still radiant with excitement. It might make all the difference.

DAN shut the door. The nurse was coming out of the lift. She looked capable and honest.

"He's quiet now," Dan said. "I've locked the door so he can't get out. Here's the key. Will you sit in the doorway of my room here till I get back? And don't let anybody in."

Mason was still there with the lift. There was a tray on the leather seat with a pot of tea and a cup and saucer.

"Give it to Mrs. Beckwith here," Dan said. "Mr. Pinkerton's gone to bed." In the lift he said: "Mason, I'm going to catch a train . . . if I'm not too late." He took two one-pound notes out of his wallet. "Stop right here and tell me which train. You got the taxi for Miss Mary Winship, didn't you?"

Mason said slyly: "You might fancy the nine o'clock boat train from Waterloo to Southampton. You'd 'ave to 'urry."

"Thanks," Dan said.

He hurried through the hall, yanking on his hat and raincoat, and made a dash for a taxi at the corner. "Waterloo. I've got to make the nine o'clock boat train. Step on it, will you?"

They dodged in and out of narrow side streets, crossed Piccadilly, headed down St. James's Street between the Palace and Marlborough House, and cut through the park. It was a fool's errand, he was thinking. He could even get to the train on time, he thought suddenly, see her there and not know her. Six years was a long time.

In fact, his best chance, actually, was her cousin. Thanks to Miss Violet Grimstead, he could spot him easily enough. It had happened while he was making the deal for the boxroom with her; she had leaned, smiling, out of the small office window towards the man in a chalk-stripe blue suit and black homburg hat, adjusting his fancy tie in the mirror beside the lift as he waited for it.

"Oh, Mr. Dalrymple-Hughes! Miss Winship asked me to tell you to be sure and look in on her before you go out. Thank you."

So, unless there was another cousin. . . . Dan settled back in the cab. The taxi lurched sharply into the blackened purlieu behind the overhead activity of the terminus. Another swerve to the left and he was there. On a fool's errand, with five minutes to spare.

"Thanks, pal." He thrust a note into the driver's hand. He spotted the gate and went rapidly over to it, thought of an excuse as the guard stopped him, and gave it up. "I haven't got a ticket. I want to say goodbye to a girl."

The guard looked at him with a dour

"The moment I saw you I said to myself: 'Now there's a woman who likes animals'"

smile. "You've got more time than you think. We're running a bit late. Step along. . . . Tickets, please!"

He went along the platform, looking for Dalrymple-Hughes, and spotted him, standing at the door of a third-class corridor carriage, one hand raised as he looked at his wrist-watch. He turned and spoke into the corridor.

She was there, inside. All he had to do now was move along opposite the open door and he'd see her. He hesitated, and went instead over to the side of the train and along to the door of the coach in front.

Dalrymple-Hughes's petulant voice was clearly audible: ". . . go, if you insist. But don't tell Aunt Caroline I ditched you, will you? Of course, it's a perfectly beastly bore seeing people off when you've got to stick at home yourself. But you'll be all right. And I have got an important engagement."

When Dan heard her voice, his heart stopped beating for an instant before it began again, thumping hard against his ribs.

"Do go along, Eric. I'll be all right. The train may be hours late starting."

"Well, if you insist. . . ."

Dalrymple-Hughes moved off. Dan went quickly to where he had been standing. He was too late. All he saw was her back as she disappeared into the corridor. He went quickly along to see her when she took her seat, and caught his breath sharply.

Mary Winship was running along the corridor. At the door of the third compartment she stopped for an instant, looking back, her body a taut, tense line. She flashed into the compartment, pulled her suitcase down from the rack and bent quickly to drag a bulkier one from under the seat. She pushed them into the corridor, caught up the gloves and book on the seat and flashed out.

IT was then Dan saw her face . . . small, pointed and intensely pale as she stood, her breast moving with her quickly drawn breath, her eyes wide.

She raised her hand and pushed her dark hair back from her forehead with a quick, nervous gesture before she stooped to gather up her bags. For Dan McGrath, standing outside on the damp, murky platform, it was as vivid an instant as he had ever lived. He was back in the Underground shelter on the dark, chilling stairs, the reek of fear and antiseptics in his nostrils, all hell loose in the invisible world above them, his arms tight around her, feeling her pounding heart against him, her breath cool and tense against his burning cheek.

It was the instant he had lived six years to feel again.

It was a sharp renaissance, an affirmation of a dream that was no star-dusted illusion, but brilliant reality, swelling his heart, melting it with sudden warmth and glowing tenderness. He had had a vision, and he had doubted it. There on the platform, in the instant, his doubts had been swept away.

She was struggling then in the narrow corridor with her bags, trying to get them off the train, and he sprang forward to help her.

"Oh, thank you!" she said breathlessly. He lifted the suitcases off as the guard closed the door of the next carriage. She dropped her handbag and book, caught them up and stepped out on to the platform. "Thanks very much!"

"You—you aren't going to Paris?" He heard himself speak, his voice unnatural and curiously far away.

Mary Winship raised her head, her lips parted, an instant light springing into her eyes, blue-violet under their extraordinary lashes, and dying as instantly as her cheeks flushed with sudden crimson.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said quickly. "I thought. . . . For a minute you sounded like someone I—I knew a long time ago." She turned abruptly. "Porter! Will you take these for me, please?"

The porter picked up her bags. Dan stood as the train slipped quietly past him, and the platform miraculously emptied, watching the two of them move towards the gate. Once Mary Winship glanced back, but only for an instant, before she hurried along again.

He went through the gate. He could see her going along to the luggage-room; he waited till she turned away, took the smaller dressing-case from the porter, tipped him, and hurried over to the telephone kiosk.

Why hadn't he carried her bags? Why didn't he tell her then and there?

He knew the answer. In some way that he had no remote understanding of, there was some connection, fantastic as it seemed, between the attempted murder of a harmless little man on that isolated balcony ledge, Mr. Sidney Copeland's scarcely veiled threats, and the taut, pale face he had seen, just now, through the soot-stained windows of the coach. Mary Winship was afraid. She was covering it up from Dalrymple-Hughes as she sent him away so she could slip off the train.

He went across the draughty hall. A hand truck loaded with parcels and left near the entrance was between him and the telephone kiosk.

He went towards it casually, and came to a halt. The man standing at the end of it, apparently engrossed in his newspaper, was looking intently over the top of it at the door of the kiosk. On Eric Dalrymple-Hughes's too handsome face was a look of such completely transparent triumphant malice that he suddenly seemed to become uncomfortably conscious of it himself. He quickly composed his features to their normal bored petulance.

The door opened; Mary Winship came out and hurried to the entrance. Dalrymple-Hughes folded his paper, stuck it in the pocket of his trench coat and sauntered after her. Dan McGrath brought up a quiet rearguard, out into the fog-drenched night.

She set off across Waterloo Bridge, walking rapidly without hesitation or a backward glance. Dalrymple-Hughes followed coolly. She turned left into the Strand.

Abruptly, in front of the Savoy, Dalrymple-Hughes was no longer to be seen. He had turned off, and Dan, quickening his pace, saw him cross the court and go inside. He cut down the distance between himself and Mary. Was Cousin Eric not following the girl? Did he know he was being followed himself?

A third possibility, more likely, came to Dan's mind: he knew where she was going; there was no need to follow her farther.

He quickened his step again. She had turned left, and as he reached the narrow entrance of Adam Street, she was hurrying across it to the short block of houses on the opposite side. The street was an intimate cul-de-sac overlooking the gardens on the Embankment, dimly lighted and empty, so that he could hear the quick echo of her heels on the cobblestones. He looked back to see if Eric had changed his mind, but no one was in sight.

"Mary!" he called. "Mary Winship!"

It seemed to him she gave a sudden start and hurried faster, not looking back. He called her name again. She ran on wildly, blindly. He saw her trip, stagger and catch herself.

"Mary! Wait a minute! It's me! It's Dan McGrath!"

His pounding feet echoed, drowning his voice, as she dropped her bag and book, caught hold of the iron step rail and flashed around, her face white with terror, her mouth open as if she were trying to scream and no sound would come. She was clutching wildly at the rail, her knees sagging. He put his hands out and gripped her arms.

"Don't be afraid, Mary. It's Dan McGrath. In the shelter, Mary. You remember . . . during the raid! I took you home to Godolphin Square."

It was not the way he had planned it, not the way in all his daydreams he

had ever thought he was some day going to tell her.

"I love you, Mary. That's why I'm here. I came back to find you."

He had thought he might say that, but he was saying it more violently, with none of the vague nostalgia he'd pictured in his own mind, but with an intense and present reality. Nor had he ever dared hope she might do what she did then. She raised her white face to his, her lips parted, her eyes searching his. Then her head drooped forward on his shoulder and she clung to him tightly.

"It *was* you," she whispered. "Oh, I hoped you'd come. I hoped you'd come some day."

Her trembling body was suddenly quiet. He could feel her pounding heart slow down.

"I love you, Mary." He murmured the words, holding her close. He straightened as she raised her head, her eyes suddenly sparkling with laughter.

"But isn't this a hell of a way to meet a girl?" She shook her hair back from her face and moved away a little. "Do you remember? That's what you said. And you were the first boy that ever kissed me."

"That makes it simple. I'm going to be the next, and the last."

He kissed her then. "I wish we'd both gone to Paris, Mary," he said. As she drew back quickly, dropping her arms to her sides, he reached down and picked up her bag and the book. "And I don't know what you thought you were going to do, but unless it makes an awful lot of sense, you're not going to do it. What I mean is, I don't know what this is all about . . . but, if it makes any difference, your cousin knows you didn't go. He saw you get off the train, and followed you as far as the Savoy."

She looked at him, not understanding for an instant, then with widening eyes. "Oh, no! He couldn't . . . ! Then I've got to get home. I was—I was going to stay here tonight. In a friend's flat. He's away, and——"

"What's it all about, Mary?" he asked gently. "Why were you going to stay here? Why didn't you go on to Paris?"

When she didn't answer, he said: "Maybe you think it isn't any of my business, but it is." He thought of Mr. Pinkerton and his spectacles caught in the inside folds of the rug. "For a couple of reasons. You're one of them."

He managed a grin to make it all sound less abysmal. "After all, Mary, when a guy comes three thousand miles to find a girl and take her back home with him, he's got a right to know why she ditches her cousin, ducks off trains and goes zooming down back alleys. Hasn't he?"

"You'd not want to take me back home, probably, if you did know," Mary Winship said slowly.

Then alarm sprang up quickly in her eyes. "I've got to get back home. Eric's probably on the phone now, telling my aunt——"

"But . . . you were on the phone yourself. Not ringing an empty flat——"

"No, I wasn't ringing an empty flat. I was ringing my uncle—my father's brother."

"All right, Mary. But what's it all about?" He tilted her firm, pointed chin up and looked down at her. "I can help you if you'll tell me." The sound of a car coming into a side street made him release her chin and take hold of her arm. "But not here. You're coming home with me."

She shook her head quickly. "My own home. I'm terribly late already."

They started across the road back into the Strand.

"It just happens it's the same place," Dan said. "No. 4 Godolphin——"

HER arm resting lightly in his was suddenly rigid. She stopped dead in the centre of the road, staring at him, her lips parted. "You—you're not the American Miss Grim——"

She caught her breath, still staring at him, without finishing as much as Miss Grimstead's name.

"Sure," Dan said. "That's me." He was as startled as she was. "Or at least it was me. She may have put me out by now. And why not, Mary? I told you I came over to find you."

Her arm, still rigid in his, came to sudden life. She jerked it away and moved quickly a step from him.

"Dan," she said. It was not spoken to him, but as if she were speaking to someone else. She looked at him again. "What—what did you say your last name was? I—I'm afraid I was too upset to hear it."

"McGrath," Dan said calmly. After all, he had not known hers either until Mr. Pinkerton had told him.

"Oh," she breathed. "Oh!"

She stood rigidly where she was a moment, then turned and started forward. He had the fantastic impression that she was about to break into a run. He took a step after her and caught her arm.

"Mary! For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" He turned her sharply about to face him. "What's happened? Why shouldn't I be the American Miss Grimstead told you about? What did she say? You can at least tell me that, can't you?"

Mary Winship's chin shot up, her blue-violet eyes were hot in the blank white of her face.

"Nothing at all," she said curtly.

Continued on next page

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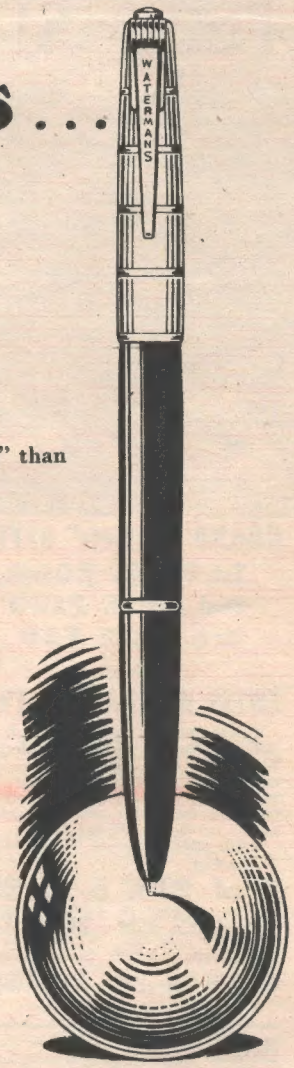

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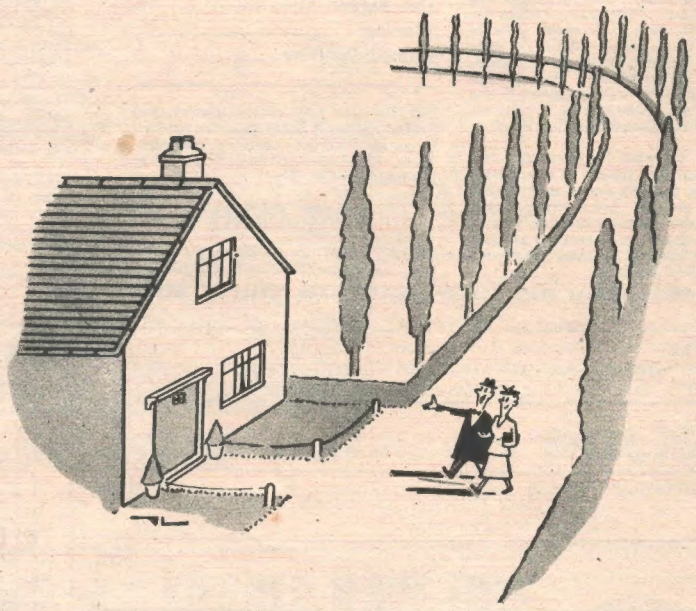

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4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 22 and in JOHN BULL dated April 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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Across Clues XWORD 677
1. Mere hint of this brings gleam to the eyes of a lot of men
5. When there's game about, poacher sees that he has his
6. Market-gardener will probably sow these of peas
8. Certain kind of this is cramped for space
9. Efficient dentist ought not to be afraid of
10. Some kiddies are a nuisance to mother whenever they get
12. There are people who get a kick out of
14. Biscuit manufacturer wants the containers he uses to be

Down Clues
1. These keep on growing, unfortunately
2. The millions of these we export are helping Britain to recover
3. A house is sometimes known for its
4. Well-educated man understands more of these
7. Many catch a cold through the effect of this
11. Some people are unable to take one
13. There's a good reason why managers do so on bright, new ideas

XWORD 672 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Walk. 3. Bats. 5. Singers. 7. Hole. 12. Spans. 13. Blot. 14. Reward. DOWN: 2. Knaves. 3. Beech. 4. Rag. 6. Racks. 8. Ode. 9. Bark. 10. Wins. 11. Star.

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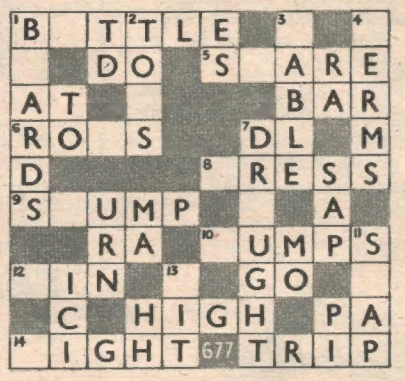

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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No.		2s.

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Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **677** Closing Postmark Monday, April 3

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 15.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

Continued from previous page

"She didn't even tell me your name. All she said was it was too bad I was leaving just when a handsome American had arrived."

The intonation of her voice gave it the quality of devastating scorn. She released her arm from his grasp and moved quickly forward into the Strand.

"I'm sorry I forgot my bag. Give it to me, please." She held out her hand. "I can get a bus at the next corner."

"Look, Mary!"

"Taxi!" She spotted a cab and held up her hand. As it pulled in to the pavement, she reached out and snatched her bag. She stepped quickly forward to the cab and turned.

"You need not have pretended, Mr. McGrath," she said. Her voice was low and quivering with passionate intensity. "It wouldn't have helped you. My father is not a thief. There's no use your trying to find him. You shan't, not ever—not if I can help it."

She got into the cab, slammed the door sharply behind her and reached out for the lever to draw up the open window. "So now you know why I didn't go to France." She leaned forward to the driver. "Fifty-three Saint——"

The window snapped shut, cutting off the rest of it. Dan McGrath had not heard enough to tell him where she was going. It was enough to tell him it was not Godolphin Square. The cab pulled away. He stood blankly where he was, blinded for an instant by the after image of her small, vivid face, eyes fixed ahead, chin up, as the taxi pulled away.

He pushed his hat up and scratched the back of his head, as completely bewildered as he had ever been in all his life. He looked down at the hand she'd snatched the bag away from. The whole thing was screwy. He reached in his pocket to get a cigarette. It was an automatic gesture he was not aware he was making until he touched her book which he had put in his pocket when he picked it up from the street where she'd dropped it.

He took it out and looked at it blindly, as if automatically searching for any kind of clue that might explain what was a fantastic and completely incoherent muddle. Then, in spite of himself, he blinked. His own name was on the book. He saw that before he saw the title. "McGrath," it said there. The author was somebody named McGrath. He moved over to the lighted shop window behind him and opened the book. *Masterpieces They've Never Found*, was the title. The author's name under it was "Arnold D. McGrath, Former Inspector Metropolitan Police, Boston, Mass."

Dan McGrath looked down at it a long time. Then he turned the pages to see if it had an index. There was none, and a jeweller's shop window in the Strand was not a particularly adequate reading room. He closed the book and put it slowly back into his pocket, wondering if perhaps a first dim flicker of light was creeping into his bewildered mind.

He headed for home, trying to work it out. After all, it was something to come to London to find a girl, and find her, and find he really was in love with her, and lose her, all in less time than he had expected it would take him to get settled and start looking for her. It was a record of some sort.

In fact, he thought, the brief period he had been there had seen a series of records new in his experience. He had become the self-appointed guardian of a rabbity little Welshman obviously touched in the head; that he had got

Continued on next page

THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

Continued from previous page

conked on it, too, was beside the point for the moment, although that was hardly normal in his experience either. He had been accused of being the confederate of a man he'd merely inquired about in the most innocent way. He had got what could be called a room to stay in, and had been asked to get out of it. And, finally, he had been mistaken for a Boston-Irish cop who had written a book, and had been left holding the book, as it were, because his girl thought he thought her father was a thief. . . .

Godolphin Square was dark. He looked across. He could see the black empty spaces on either side of No. 22, and the gaunt ruins that were all that was left of it. There was something curiously fascinating, and at the same time moving, about a house that had been bombed. And in this house, he thought now, had been Mary Winship's mother and her aunt the night it was destroyed.

The broken walls were wrapped in curious silence, compounded of a thousand small familiar sounds, above which his own footsteps seemed so loud that he stopped for a moment, and then went on, and stopped again —abruptly this time, listening, every nerve instantly alert.

He was not alone.

He looked quickly over into the central garden, and turned sharply again as a sound of something like a pebble falling focused his attention back on the ruined house.

There was someone at the top of the stairway. A black shadow of what he had thought was a jutting section of the broken roof had moved, and in moving dislodged a fragment of rubble.

Why? he thought. *Why should anyone be up on the stairway of a bombed-out house?* He moved forward a step with the quick impulse to call out: "Who's up there?" He changed his mind, walked briskly on past the house until he was halfway down the square, crossed the road quietly, vaulted over the wooden fence into the garden, bent down and crept back until he could look up again at the shadowy stairway.

A DARK figure was moving cautiously down the stairs. It was a man, almost at the bottom step; and as Dan watched he disappeared for an instant and appeared again, gripping the solid board fence put up to keep pedestrians from falling into the basement. Dan heard the sudden shower of old rubble that fell as the man pulled himself up and climbed over the barrier. He hurried swiftly and noiselessly away . . . too solid for a ghost, too silent for an honest man.

Dan McGrath straightened up and stepped out into the path. He took half a dozen steps and stopped dead.

A woman's voice spoke, distinctly and without warning, and very close to him. He jerked his head round, saw no one, and looked quickly the other way.

"I said: 'What interest have you got in my house, young man?' "

He heard the words as well as the voice this time, and took a step towards the bench at the side of the overgrown path. He saw the pale surface of her face almost as if she were a face speaking, disembodied except for face and voice. She was staring steadily at him.

As the face moved, he was aware that she had been sitting there, and was now rising and coming slowly towards him. He took a step backward involuntarily. There was something terrifying about the heavy-lidded eyes fixed on him.

To be continued next week

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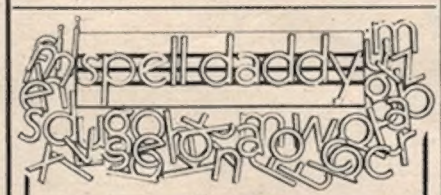

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